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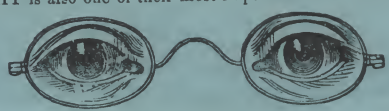


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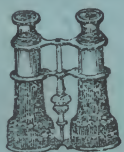
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Who hence shall sweep their pomp away ?
Proud celebrations of our clime,
The nation's landmark of each year,
Like feathers from the wings of Time,
Fleet not—but have endurance here !

The pastimes of our people, yes—
The gala, race, review, or fair,
Light joys that for a moment bless
The toiling crowd whose joy is rare ;
These have their happy reflex—these
Kind art to glean is proud and sure,
And by her pencil, we would please,
Blend with, amuse, and glad the poor.

Our fine, old, grand, cathedral halls,
Wherein the solemn organ swells,
Our rustic church, whose music falls
More oft from humble village bells.
God's home, beneath whose roof is breathed
The hushed prayer of the city's heart,
Or that which stands by foliage wreathed
'Mid trees embosomed and apart.

The moss-grown abbeys of the isle—
The mansions of an olden time—
Whereon the sunlight's faintest smile
Breaks but 'mid shadows more sublime.
The castle that o'ergradows the steep—
Once some proud noble's strong domain—
Crown of the eliffs that fringe our deep,
And frowning back its rage again ;

The modern houses of the great,
Our towns, our ports, our harbours fair,
Our architectural halls of state,
Our palaces, all places rare—
All things of fine device. The high
Trophic : we raise unto our brave,
Which point their pathway to the sky
That canopies their mortal grave !

All these Art's pencil shall enshrine
Here for all future time ;
And thus a presence half divine,
And influence half sublime,
Shed lustre on the pen—array
It glories in new dress,
And make more vivid, real, and gay,
The spirit of the Press !

But this great consummation—mark !
Has been our work alone ;
Art, in the press, has suffered yet
No rival near her throne,
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And what it has commenced with strength,
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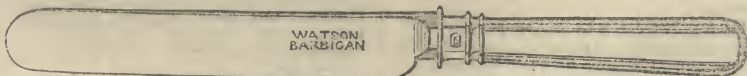
its introduction. C. W. unlike this party, courts comparison, feeling confident that the result will establish its pre-
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| Albata Plate. | Fiddle. | Strong Fiddle | Threaded | Albata Plate. | Fiddle. | Strong Fiddle | Threaded. |
|---------------------|-----------|---------------|-------------|-------------------|----------|---------------|-----------|
| Table Spoons..... | 16 6 doz. | 1 1 0 doz. | 1 10 0 doz. | Egg Spoons | 7 0 doz. | 15 0 Gilt | 24 0 Gilt |
| „ Forks | 16 6 „ | 1 1 0 „ | 1 10 0 „ | Gravy „ | 3 6 ea. | 4 6 ea. | 7 6 ea. |
| Dessert Spoons..... | 12 6 „ | 16 6 „ | 1 5 0 „ | Sauce Ladles..... | 1 9 „ | 2 3 „ | 3 9 „ |
| „ Forks | 12 6 „ | 16 6 „ | 1 5 0 „ | Soup „ | 6 6 „ | 8 0 „ | 11 0 „ |
| Tea Spoons | 5 6 „ | 8 0 „ | 13 6 „ | Sugar Tongs..... | 1 3 „ | 1 9 „ | 3 0 „ |
| Salt Ditto | 6 0 „ | 12 0 Gilt | 18 0 gilt. | Fish Knives | 5 6 „ | 8 6 „ | 12 6 „ |
| Mustard Ditto ... | 6 0 „ | 12 0 Gilt | 13 6 „ | Skewers | 4d. in. | | 6d. in. |



aded Pattern Albata Plate Handle Table Knives, Steel Blades, 22s. 6d. per doz.—Desserts 18s. 6d. per doz.—Carvers 6s. 6d. pair.
ere Papier Mache Tea Trays, full sizes, ornamented for 35s.—Patent Candle Lamps 9s. 6d.—Solar Lamps to burn common
2s. 6d.—Bronze Fenders 9s. 6d. Steel Fire Irons 4s. 6d. per set.—Ivory Handle Table Knives, rimmed Shoulders 11s. per
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N. B.—Ask for Oldridge's Balm, 1, Wellington-street, Strand.

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ROYAL EXTRACT OF FLOWERS, so justly celebrated for its judicious combination of the sweets of the most fragrant flowers.

ESSENCE OF SWEETBRIAR, MIGNONETTE, PERSIAN BOUQUET, ORANGE OF PORTUGAL, AND BOUQUET DE VETIVER, Perfumes severally admired for their piquant, retentive, or refreshing qualities.

EXTRACT OF ROSES FOR WASHING THE HAIR, a simple preparation from the Rose, which strengthens and nourishes the Hair, and imparts to it that beautiful glossy appearance so desirable in a fine head of hair.

BALSAM OF ROSES, is a Pomade which invigorates and promotes the growth of the Hair, and in cases of premature baldness or discoloration is an almost certain restorative.

RIGGE, BROCKBANK, and RIGGE'S CELEBRATED COLD CREAM OF ROSES.

EMOLIENT VEGETABLE SOAP is universally allowed to be the best Washing Soap ever offered to the public.

The above articles are manufactured by **RIGGE, BROCKBANK, and RIGGE**, 35, New Bond Street, and sold by most respectable Perfumers.

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British College of Health, Hamilton-place, New Road, London, December, 1842.

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ELASTIC CRAVAT, as a scientific invention, may be seen at the Royal Adelaide Gallery and Polytechnic Institution. Gentlemen who study personal comfort and economy can be supplied by the year, from 10s. to 2l. 4s., according to the regular list of prices. F. HUGHES and Co., manufactory for the Patent Surgeons' Trusses, Belts, and every kind of anatomical support, 247, High Holborn, established 1785.

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Pens over all others has long been acknowledged by the public, and Mosley and Co. by anxiously embracing every opportunity of improving their manufacture, have at length brought them to such a state of perfection as utterly to defy competition. M. and Co. in returning thanks for the very liberal support they have received, would beg at the same time to observe, that as few persons can write with the same description of pen, they have manufactured a great variety of kinds, and are thus enabled to satisfy the wishes of all.

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des Debats. "Among the discoveries useful to Man, the Paraguay Roux is, without contradiction, one of the most precious. The efficacy of this remedy is such, that it is sufficient merely to moisten a piece of cotton, and place it upon the affected Tooth, to relieve instantaneously the most severe and obstinate pain. It is also a powerful Anti-scorbutic." The Paraguay Roux is prepared from the French Patent Recipe, by Gifford and Linder, 104, Strand, in bottles, at 2s. 3d. each.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

THE Proprietors of this invaluable medicine are daily receiving fresh Testimonials in favour of PARR'S LIFE PILLS; which establish their claim to being justly esteemed the *best Medicine in the world!*

The following extraordinary case of cure has just been communicated by Mrs. Moxon, of York:—
Mrs. Mathers of that city had for 20 years been affected with a most inveterate disease, which her medical attendants pronounced to be Cancer. It originated in her breast, and continued to spread nearly all over her body, defying every effort of surgical skill. Parr's Life Pills being recommended to her, she resolved to give them a trial; and, speaking of the result, she says, she cannot express the inconceivable advantage which she has already derived from them. She further states, that she is now almost well, and ascribes her convalescence solely to the persevering use of that sovereign medicine, Parr's Life Pills.—N.B. Any one doubting the accuracy of the above statement, may, through the agent (Mrs. Moxon), be directed to Mrs. Mathers, who will herself authenticate its truth.—York, Nov. 17, 1842.

Communicated by Mr. H. Foster, Chemist, Winchester.

East Stratton, near Winchester, Dec. 13th, 1842.

Sir,—You will remember I sent to your shop for a bottle of "Duch Drops," round which was a paper containing testimonials of cures effected by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS. Amongst many others I observed, one a case of rheumatism, which appeared similar to my own case; and seeing it so successfully treated, simply by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, I resolved upon giving that invaluable medicine a fair trial. I had been afflicted with rheumatism many years, and at the time to which I refer was suffering acutely. I determined, as I have said, on giving Old Parr's remedy a fair trial; and, accordingly, sent for a box of the LIFE PILLS.—By the use of these pills I am enabled to say that I am now as well as ever I have been during my whole life. Thank God, I can now walk as well as ever I did. At the time when I first tried PARR'S LIFE PILLS, I could scarcely walk during the day-time; and at night I could get no sleep. I am now enjoying excellent health, and sleep soundly; and I am free from pain of every kind.

Mr. H. Foster, Chemist, Winchester.

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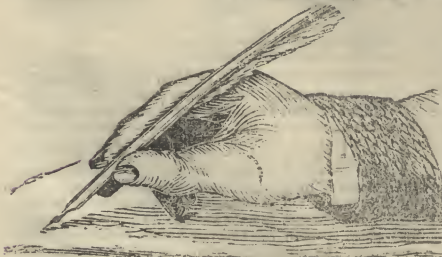
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CAUTION.—All of the above Locks, Safes, and Boxes have the address stamped or marked in full, thus: "57, St. Paul's Church-yard, London." Without this none are genuine.

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HAVING now been before the public more than two years, and the sale in that period having been upwards of Twenty-six Thousand, show clearly that the principle must have been appreciated by the public, and more particularly by those who can appreciate the luxury of a brilliant and fine-flavoured cup of coffee. The Patentee would not consider it necessary to call the attention of the public to this useful invention, had not very inferior articles been offered for sale. He now challenges any other inventor to produce a cup of coffee equally bright, clear, and strong, from the same quantity of coffee; and also begs to state, that if the instructions on the card are attended to, it will be impossible, even by boiling, to extract any thing from the grounds that are left but the most nauseous flavour.

The Patentee also begs to offer to the public an elegant article, introduced by the manufacturer, in the form of a bronzed Urn, upon the same principle, with heater and plated tap, which will be found an ornament to any table, in addition to the luxury of the coffee being kept boiling during the time of breakfast.

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No. 1. Bronzed Coffee Urn.—2. Block Tin Coffee Pot and Lever.—3. Filters for chemists, wine merchants, and cooks.

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IS recommended to the public as superior to any Stove manufactured—possessing all the cheerfulness of an open fireplace, combined with the warmth and economy of the hot-air-stove—and is the only one which can, from its perfect ventilation, be introduced with SAFETY into the bedroom of the invalid. It is peculiarly adapted for halls, churches, counting-houses, shops, &c.

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MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

J. INDERWICK & Co., 58, Princes Street, Leicester Square, London, and vis-à-vis La Sophien Mosch, Constantinople, Proprietors of the "Keff Kil" of the Crimea in Asia Minor, or better known as the Meerschaum Pits, of which those beautiful Smoking Pipes are made, called by the French "Eume de Mer."

MEERSCHAUM.

The above is a species of Mineral Earth, called by the Tartars "Keff Kil," found only in its pure state near Caffa, in the Peninsula of the Heraclæate. The real etymology of the name may be seen by a reference to "Meninski's Oriental Dictionary," and is derived from two Turkish words, which imply froth or foam of the sea. It may be interesting to know that the promontory over the steeps, where the finest quality of Meerschaum is found, is a wild and fearful scene, such as Shakspeare has described in his "Lear," a perpendicular and tremendous precipice, one of the loftiest of the Crimea, and terminating abruptly to the sea.

J. Inderwick and Co.'s Excursion to the Peninsula.—Some time after the capture of the Crimea by the Russians, J. I. and Co. were induced to visit the capital of the Crimea, which they found in a state of desolation. The melancholy devastations committed by the Russians would draw tears down the cheeks of the Tartars, and extort many a sigh from the Anatolian Turks, who resort to Caffa for commercial purposes, and cannot fail to excite the indignation of every enlightened people. During the time they remained at Caffa the soldiers were allowed to overthrow the beautiful mosques, pull down the minarets, tear up the public fountains, and destroy all the public aqueducts, for the sake of a small quantity of lead, and while the work of destruction was going on the officers were amusing themselves with beholding the mischief. Finding no hope of making any arrangement during Paul's reign, J. I. determined on sending his partner, who is a native of Balaclava in Tartary, together with a tribe consisting of Calmucks, Tartars, and Greeks, on a Syrian route in search of this scarce mineral. On their way they visited Jerusalem, the river Jordan, the Dead Sea, and other parts of the Holy Land, and found only one pit; but this, when analyzed by an experimental chemist, was considered to contain a portion of Magnesia.

But having at length, by the interference of Royalty, gained permission to explore the pits of the Crimea, they beg most respectfully to assure their friends that they will receive a fresh supply every Three Months of a superior quality not known in this country for the last Thirty Years, and at very low prices, running from Two Shillings to Five Guineas each. Warranted pure.

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MR. CURT, member of various learned societies, begs respectfully to state that he still continues as heretofore to deal in *Coins, Medals, Gems, and other Antiquities*; he visits Paris regularly twice a year on commissions relating to objects of fine arts on moderate charges. All literary researches undertaken; catalogues made out, &c. A large variety of Numismatic Publications always on sale. Coins and other Curiosities sold, bought, exchanged, described, and valued. At home daily from twelve to five in the afternoon, at 65, Princes-street, Leicester-square, London.

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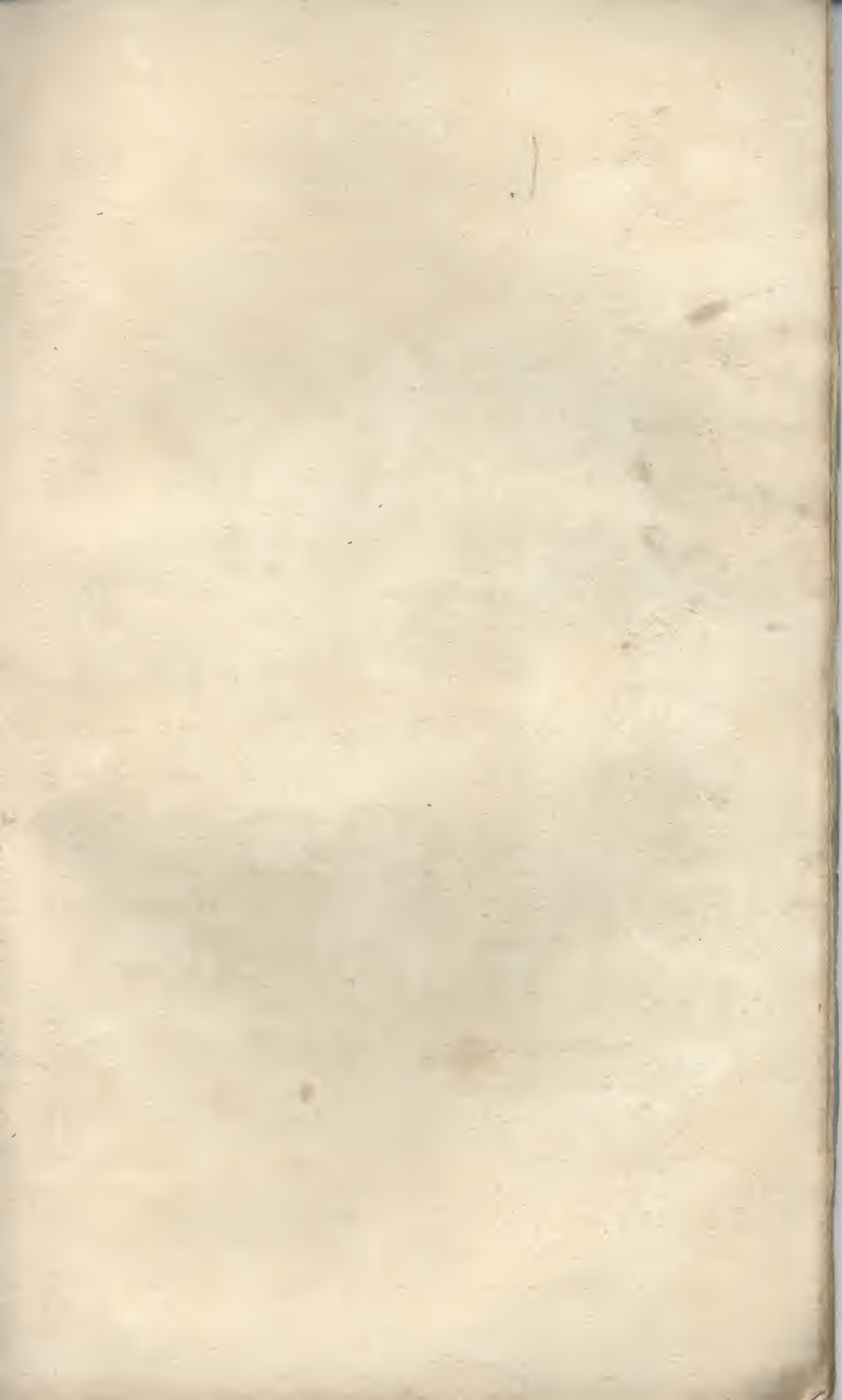
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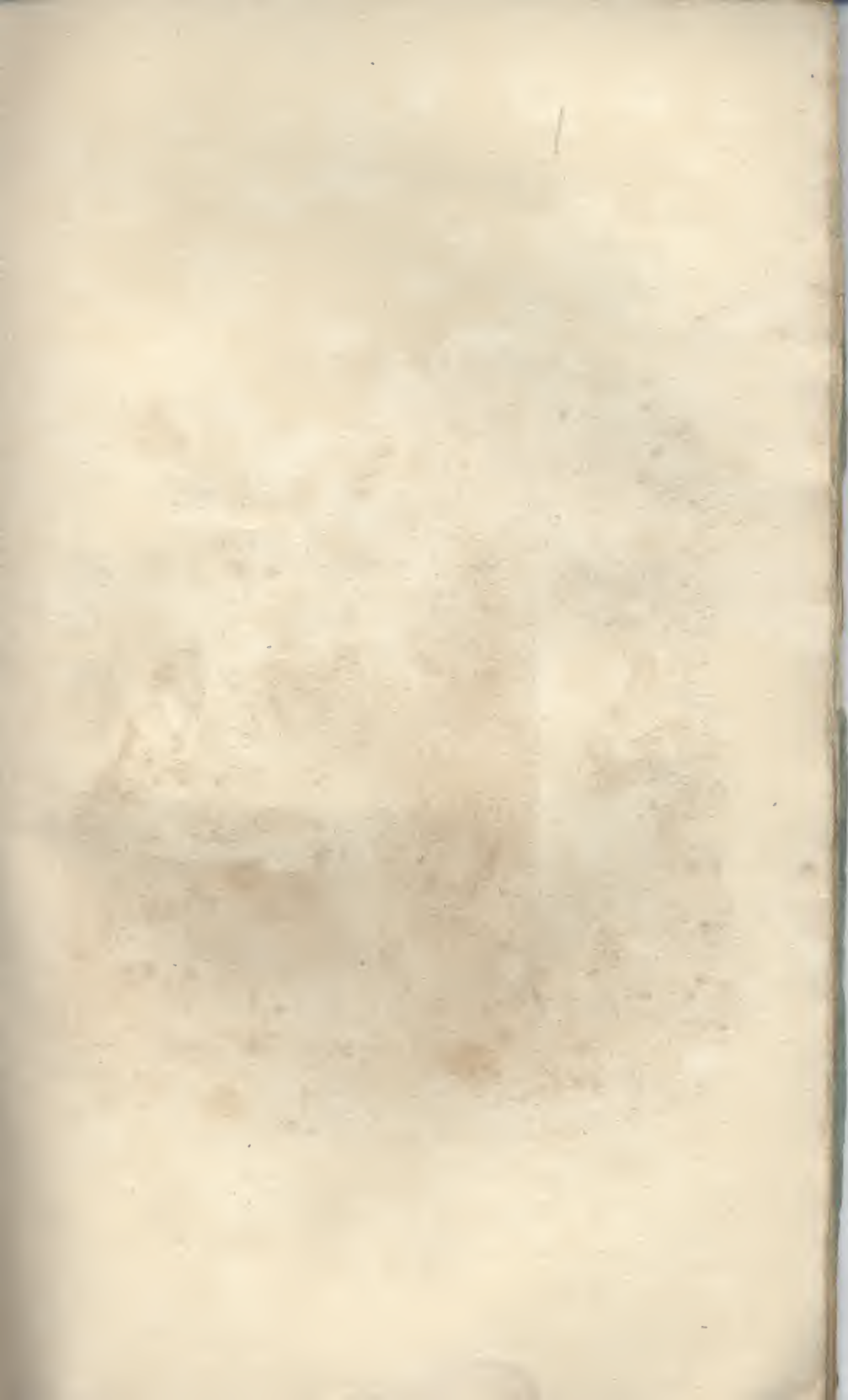
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The Winter.
The Markets.
The Churches.
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The Monuments.
The Imperial Palaces.
The Foundling Hospital.
The Exchange.
Industry and Manufactures.
The Butter-week.
The Gulanie.
The Great Masked Ball.
The Great Fast.
Palm Sunday Fair.
The Easter Eggs.
The Threelast Days of Passion-week.
Easter-Eve.
The Sea-coast.
The Duderhof Hills.
Cronstadt.
Miscellaneous Notices.
Suicides.
Elements of the Population.
Dress of the Court Ladies.
Number of Horses in an Equipage.
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Office for Foreigners.
Vapour-baths.
Coffee-houses.

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The Arsenal.
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The Clergy of the Russian Church.
Academies and Seminaries for the Clergy.
The Sects of the Russian Church
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LIFE AND ADVENTURES
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MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY, CONCERNING THE PEDIGREE OF THE CHUZZLEWIT
FAMILY.

As no lady or gentleman, with any claims to polite breeding, can possibly sympathise with the Chuzzlewit Family without being first assured of the extreme antiquity of the race, it is a great satisfaction to know that it undoubtedly descended in a direct line from Adam and Eve; and was, in the very earliest times, closely connected with the agricultural interest. If it should ever be urged by grudging and malicious persons, that a Chuzzlewit, in any period of the family history, displayed an overweening amount of family pride, surely the weakness will be considered not only pardonable but laudable, when the immense superiority of the house to the rest of mankind, in respect of this its ancient origin, is taken into account.

It is remarkable that as there was, in the oldest family of which we have any record, a murderer and a vagabond, so we never fail to meet, in the records of all old families, with innumerable repetitions of the same phase of character. Indeed, it may be laid down as a general principle, that the more extended the ancestry, the greater the amount of violence and vagabondism; for in ancient days, those two amusements, combining a wholesome excitement with a promising means of repairing shattered fortunes, were at once the ennobling pursuit and the healthful recreation of the Quality of this land.

Consequently, it is a source of inexpressible comfort and happiness to find, that in various periods of our history, the Chuzzlewits were actively connected with divers slaughterous conspiracies and bloody frays. It is further recorded of them, that being clad from head to heel in steel of proof, they did on many occasions lead their leather-jerkined soldiers to the death, with invincible courage, and afterwards return home gracefully to their relations and friends.

There can be no doubt that at least one Chuzzlewit came over with William the Conqueror. It does not appear that this illustrious ancestor "came over" that monarch, to employ the vulgar phrase, at any subsequent period: inasmuch as the Family do not seem to have been ever greatly distinguished by the possession of landed estate. And it is well known that for the bestowal of that kind of property upon his favorites, the liberality and gratitude of the Norman were as remarkable, as those virtues are usually found to be in great men when they give away what belongs to other people.

Perhaps in this place the history may pause to congratulate itself upon the enormous amount of bravery, wisdom, eloquence, virtue, gentle birth, and true nobility, that appears to have come into England with the Norman Invasion: an amount which the genealogy of every ancient family lends its aid to swell, and which would beyond all question have been found to be just as great, and to the full as prolific in giving birth to long lines of chivalrous descendants, boastful of their origin, even though William the Conqueror had been William the Conquered: a change of circumstances which, it is quite certain, would have made no manner of difference in this respect.

There was unquestionably a Chuzzlewit in the Gunpowder Plot, if indeed the arch-traitor, Fawkes himself, were not a scion of this remarkable stock; as he might easily have been, supposing another Chuzzlewit to have emigrated to Spain in the previous generation, and there intermarried with a Spanish lady, by whom he had issue, one olive-complexioned son. This probable conjecture is strengthened, if not absolutely confirmed, by a fact which cannot fail to be interesting to those who are curious in tracing the progress of hereditary tastes through the lives of their unconscious inheritors. It is a notable circumstance that in these later times, many Chuzzlewits, being unsuccessful in other pursuits, have, without the smallest rational hope of enriching themselves, or any conceivable reason, set up as coal-merchants; and have, month after month, continued gloomily to watch a small stock of coals, without, in any one instance, negotiating with a purchaser. The remarkable similarity between this course of proceeding and that adopted by their Great Ancestor beneath the vaults of the Parliament House at Westminster, is too obvious and too full of interest, to stand in need of comment.

It is also clearly proved by the oral traditions of the Family, that there existed, at some one period of its history which is not distinctly stated, a matron of such destructive principles, and so familiarised to the use and composition of inflammatory and combustible engines, that she was called "The Match Maker:" by which nickname and byword she is recognised in the Family legends to this day. Surely there can be no reasonable doubt that this was the Spanish lady: the mother of Chuzzlewit Fawkes.

But there is one other piece of evidence, bearing immediate reference to their close connexion with this memorable event in English History, which must carry conviction, even to a mind (if such a mind there be) remaining unconvinced by these presumptive proofs.

There was, within a few years, in the possession of a highly respectable and in every way credible and unimpeachable member of the Chuzzlewit Family (for his bitterest enemy never dared to hint at his being otherwise than a wealthy man), a dark lantern of undoubted antiquity; rendered still more interesting by being, in shape and pattern, extremely like such as are in use at the present day. Now this gentleman, since deceased, was at all times ready to make oath, and did again and again set forth upon his solemn asseveration, that he had frequently heard his grandmother say, when contemplating this venerable relic, "Aye, aye! This was carried by my fourth son on the fifth of November, when he was a Guy Fawkes." These remarkable words wrought (as well they might) a strong impression on his mind, and he was in the habit of repeating them very often. The just interpretation which they bear, and the conclusion to which they lead, are triumphant and irresistible. The old lady, naturally strong-minded, was nevertheless frail and fading; she was notoriously subject to that confusion of ideas, or, to say the least, of speech, to which age and garrulity are liable. The slight, the very slight confusion, apparent in these expressions, is manifest and is ludicrously easy of correction. "Aye, aye," quoth she, and it will be observed that no emendation whatever is necessary to be made in these two initiative remarks, "Aye, aye! This lantern was carried by my forefather"—not fourth son, which is preposterous—"on the fifth of November. And *he* was Guy Fawkes." Here we have a remark at once consistent, clear, natural, and in strict accordance with the character of the speaker. Indeed the anecdote is so plainly susceptible of this meaning, and no other, that it would be hardly worth recording in its original state, were it not a proof of what may be (and very often is), effected not only in historical prose but in imaginative poetry, by the exercise of a little ingenious labour on the part of a commentator.

It has been said that there is no instance in modern times, of a Chuzzlewit having been found on terms of intimacy with the Great. But here again the sneering detractors who weave such miserable figments from their malicious brains, are stricken dumb by evidence. For letters are yet in the possession of various branches of the family, from which it distinctly appears, being stated in so many words, that one Diggory Chuzzlewit was in the habit of perpetually dining with Duke Humphrey. So constantly was he a guest at that nobleman's table, indeed; and so unceasingly were His Grace's hospitality and companionship forced, as it were, upon him; that we find him uneasy, and full of constraint and reluctance: writing his friends to the effect that if they fail to do so and so by bearer, he will have no choice but to dine again with Duke Humphrey: and expressing himself in a very marked and extraordinary manner as one surfeited of High Life and Gracious Company.

It has been rumoured, and it is needless to say the rumour originated in the same base quarters, that a certain male Chuzzlewit, whose birth must be admitted to be involved in some obscurity, was of very mean and low descent. How stands the proof? When the son of that Individual, to whom the secret of his father's birth was supposed to have

been communicated by his father in his lifetime, lay upon his death-bed, this question was put to him, in a distinct, solemn, and formal way : " Toby Chuzzlewit, who was your grandfather ?" To which he, with his last breath, no less distinctly, solemnly, and formally replied : and his words were taken down at the time, and signed by six witnesses, each with his name and address in full : " The Lord No Zoo." It may be said—it *has* been said, for human wickedness has no limits—that there is no Lord of that name, and that among the titles which have become extinct, none at all resembling this, in sound even, is to be discovered. But what is the irresistible inference ? Rejecting a theory broached by some well-meaning but mistaken persons, that this Mr. Toby Chuzzlewit's grandfather, to judge from his name, must surely have been a Mandarin (which is wholly insupportable, for there is no pretence of his grandmother ever having been out of this country, or of any Mandarin having been in it within some years of his father's birth : except those in the tea-shops, which cannot for a moment be regarded as having any bearing on the question, one way or other), rejecting this hypothesis, is it not manifest that Mr. Toby Chuzzlewit had either received the name imperfectly from his father, or that he had forgotten it, or that he had mispronounced it ? and that even at the recent period in question, the Chuzzlewits were connected by a bend sinister, or kind of heraldic over-the-left, with some unknown noble and illustrious House ?

From documentary evidence, yet preserved in the family, the fact is clearly established that in the comparatively modern days of the Diggory Chuzzlewit before mentioned, one of its members had attained to very great wealth and influence. Throughout such fragments of his correspondence as have escaped the ravages of the moths (who, in right of their extensive absorption of the contents of deeds and papers, may be called the general registers of the Insect World), we find him making constant reference to an uncle, in respect of whom he would seem to have entertained great expectations, as he was in the habit of seeking to propitiate his favor by presents of plate, jewels, books, watches, and other valuable articles. Thus, he writes on one occasion to his brother in reference to a gravy-spoon, the brother's property, which he (Diggory) would appear to have borrowed or otherwise possessed himself of : " Do not be angry I have parted with it—to my uncle." On another occasion he expresses himself in a similar manner with regard to a child's mug which had been entrusted to him to get repaired. On another occasion he says, " I have bestowed upon that irresistible uncle of mine everything I ever possessed." And that he was in the habit of paying long and constant visits to this gentleman at his mansion, if indeed, he did not wholly reside there, is manifest from the following sentence : " With the exception of the suit of clothes I carry about with me, the whole of my wearing apparel is at present at my uncle's." This gentleman's patronage and influence must have been very extensive, for his nephew writes, " His interest is too high"—" It is too much"—" It is tremendous"—and the like. Still it does not appear (which is strange) to have procured for him any lucrative post at court or elsewhere, or to have conferred upon him any other distinction than that which was

necessarily included in the countenance of so great a man, and the being invited by him to certain entertainments, so splendid and costly in their nature that he emphatically calls them "Golden Balls."

It is needless to multiply instances of the high and lofty station, and the vast importance of the Chuzzlewits, at different periods. If it came within the scope of reasonable probability that further proofs were required, they might be heaped upon each other until they formed an Alps of testimony, beneath which the boldest scepticism should be crushed and beaten flat. As a goodly tumulus is already collected, and decently battened up above the Family grave, the present chapter is content to leave it as it is : merely adding, by way of a final spadeful, that many Chuzzlewits, both male and female, are proved to demonstration, on the faith of letters written by their own mothers, to have had chiselled noses, undeniable chins, forms that might have served the sculptor for a model, exquisitely-turned limbs, and polished foreheads of so transparent a texture that the blue veins might be seen branching off in various directions, like so many roads on an ethereal map. This fact in itself, though it had been a solitary one, would have utterly settled and clenched the business in hand ; for it is well known, on the authority of all the books which treat of such matters, that every one of these phenomena, but especially that of the chiselling, are invariably peculiar to, and only make themselves apparent in, persons of the very best condition.

This history, having, to its own perfect satisfaction, (and, consequently) to the full contentment of all its readers,) proved the Chuzzlewits to have had an origin, and to have been at one time or other of an importance which cannot fail to render them highly improving and acceptable acquaintance to all right-minded individuals, may now proceed in earnest with its task. And having shown that they must have had, by reason of their ancient birth, a pretty large share in the foundation and increase of the human family, it will one day become its province to submit, that such of its members as shall be introduced in these pages, have still many counterparts and prototypes in the Great World about us. At present it contents itself with remarking, in a general way, on this head : Firstly, that it may be safely asserted and yet without implying any direct participation in the Monboddó doctrine touching the probability of the human race having once been monkeys, that men do play very strange and extraordinary tricks. Secondly, and yet without trenching on the Blumenbach theory as to the descendants of Adam having a vast number of qualities which belong more particularly to swine than to any other class of animals in the creation, that some men certainly are remarkable for taking uncommon good care of themselves.

CHAPTER II.

WHEREIN CERTAIN PERSONS ARE PRESENTED TO THE READER, WITH WHOM HE MAY, IF HE PLEASE, BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED.

It was pretty late in the autumn of the year, when the declining sun, struggling through the mist which had obscured it all day, looked brightly down upon a little Wiltshire village, within an easy journey of the fair old town of Salisbury.

Like a sudden flash of memory or spirit kindling up the mind of an old man, it shed a glory upon the scene, in which its departed youth and freshness seemed to live again. The wet grass sparkled in the light; the scanty patches of verdure in the hedges—where a few green twigs yet stood together bravely, resisting to the last the tyranny of nipping winds and early frosts—took heart and brightened up; the stream which had been dull and sullen all day long, broke out into a cheerful smile; the birds began to chirp and twitter on the naked boughs, as though the hopeful creatures half believed that winter had gone by, and spring had come already. The vane upon the tapering spire of the old church glistened from its lofty station in sympathy with the general gladness; and from the ivy-shaded windows such gleams of light shone back upon the glowing sky, that it seemed as if the quiet buildings were the hoarding-place of twenty summers, and all their ruddiness and warmth were stored within.

Even those tokens of the season which emphatically whispered of the coming winter, graced the landscape, and, for the moment, tinged its livelier features with no oppressive air of sadness. The fallen leaves, with which the ground was strewn, gave forth a pleasant fragrance, and subduing all harsh sounds of distant feet and wheels, created a repose in gentle unison with the light scattering of seed hither and thither by the distant husbandman, and with the noiseless passage of the plough as it turned up the rich brown earth, and wrought a graceful pattern in the stubbled fields. On the motionless branches of some trees, autumn berries hung like clusters of coral beads, as in those fabled orchards where the fruits were jewels; others, stripped of all their garniture, stood, each the centre of its little heap of bright red leaves, watching their slow decay; others again, still wearing theirs, had them all crunched and crackled up, as though they had been burnt; about the stems of some were piled, in ruddy mounds, the apples they had borne that year; while others (hardy evergreens this class) showed somewhat stern and gloomy in their vigour, as charged by nature with the admonition that it is not to her more sensitive and joyous favorites, she grants the longest term of life. Still athwart their darker boughs, the sun-beams struck out paths of deeper gold; and the red light, mantling in among their swarthy branches, used them as foils to set its brightness off, and aid the lustre of the dying day.

A moment, and its glory was no more. The sun went down beneath the long dark lines of hill and cloud which piled up in the west an airy

city, wall heaped on wall, and battlement on battlement ; the light was all withdrawn ; the shining church turned cold and dark ; the stream forgot to smile ; the birds were silent ; and the gloom of winter dwelt on everything.

An evening wind arose too, and the slighter branches cracked and rattled as they moved, in skeleton dances, to its moaning music. The withering leaves no longer quiet, hurried to and fro in search of shelter from its chill pursuit ; the labourer unyoked his horses, and with head bent down, trudged briskly home beside them ; and from the cottage windows, lights began to glance and wink upon the darkening fields.

Then the village forge came out in all its bright importance. The lusty bellows roared Ha ha ! to the clear fire, which roared in turn, and bade the shining sparks dance gaily to the merry clinking of the hammers on the anvil. The gleaming iron, in its emulation, sparkled too, and shed its red-hot gems around profusely. The strong smith and his men dealt such strokes upon their work, as made even the melancholy night rejoice ; and brought a glow into its dark face as it hovered about the door and windows, peeping curiously in above the shoulders of a dozen loungers. As to this idle company, there they stood, spellbound by the place, and, casting now and then a glance upon the darkness in their rear, settled their lazy elbows more at ease upon the sill, and leaned a little further in : no more disposed to tear themselves away, than if they had been born to cluster round the blazing hearth like so many crickets.

Out upon the angry wind ! how from sighing, it began to bluster round the merry forge, banging at the wicket, and grumbling in the chimney, as if it bullied the jolly bellows for doing anything to order. And what an impotent swagger it was too, for all its noise : for if it had any influence on that hoarse companion, it was but to make him roar his cheerful song the louder, and by consequence to make the fire burn the brighter, and the sparks to dance more gaily yet : at length, they whizzed so madly round and round, that it was too much for such a surly wind to bear : so off it flew with a howl : giving the old sign before the alehouse-door such a cuff as it went, that the Blue Dragon was more rampant than usual ever afterwards, and indeed, before Christmas, reared clean out of his crazy frame.

It was small tyranny for a respectable wind to go wreaking its vengeance on such poor creatures as the fallen leaves, but this wind happening to come up with a great heap of them just after venting its humour on the insulted Dragon, did so disperse and scatter them that they fled away, pell-mell, some here, some there, rolling over each other, whirling round and round upon their thin edges, taking frantic flights into the air, and playing all manner of extraordinary gambols in the extremity of their distress. Nor was this enough for its malicious fury : for not content with driving them abroad, it charged small parties of them and hunted them into the wheelwright's saw-pit, and below the planks and timbers in the yard, and, scattering the saw-dust in the air, it looked for them underneath, and when it did meet with any, whew ! how it drove them on and followed at their heels !

The scared leaves only flew the faster for all this : and a giddy chase it was : for they got into unfrequented places, where there was no outlet, and where their pursuer kept them eddying round and round at his pleasure ; and they crept under the eaves of houses, and clung tightly to the sides of hay-ricks, like bats ; and tore in at open chamber windows, and covered close to hedges ; and in short went anywhere for safety. But the oddest feat they achieved was, to take advantage of the sudden opening of Mr. Pecksniff's front-door, to dash wildly into his passage ; whither the wind following close upon them, and finding the back-door open, incontinently blew out the lighted candle held by Miss Pecksniff, and slammed the front-door against Mr. Pecksniff who was at that moment entering, with such violence, that in the twinkling of an eye he lay on his back at the bottom of the steps. Being by this time weary of such trifling performances, the boisterous rover hurried away rejoicing, roaring over moor and meadow, hill and flat, until it got out to sea, where it met with other winds similarly disposed, and made a night of it.

In the meantime Mr. Pecksniff, having received, from a sharp angle in the bottom step but one, that sort of knock on the head which lights up, for the patient's entertainment, an imaginary general illumination of very bright short-sixes, lay placidly staring at his own street-door. And it would seem to have been more suggestive in its aspect than street-doors usually are ; for he continued to lie there, rather a lengthy and unreasonable time, without so much as wondering whether he was hurt or no : neither, when Miss Pecksniff inquired through the key-hole in a shrill voice, which might have belonged to a wind in its teens, "Who's there ?" did he make any reply : nor, when Miss Pecksniff opened the door again, and shading the candle with her hand, peered out, and looked provokingly round him, and about him, and over him, and everywhere but at him, did he offer any remark, or indicate in any manner the least hint of a desire to be picked up.

"I see you," cried Miss Pecksniff, to the ideal inflictor of a runaway knock. "You'll catch it, Sir !"

Still Mr. Pecksniff, perhaps from having caught it already, said nothing.

"You're round the corner now," cried Miss Pecksniff. She said it at a venture, but there was appropriate matter in it too ; for Mr. Pecksniff, being in the act of extinguishing the candles before mentioned pretty rapidly, and of reducing the number of brass knobs on his street-door from four or five hundred (which had previously been juggling of their own accord before his eyes in a very novel manner) to a dozen or so, might in one sense have been said to be coming round the corner, and just turning it.

With a sharply-delivered warning relative to the cage and the constable, and the stocks and the gallows, Miss Pecksniff was about to close the door again, when Mr. Pecksniff (being still at the bottom of the steps) raised himself on one elbow, and sneezed.

"That voice !" cried Miss Pecksniff, "my parent !"

At this exclamation, another Miss Pecksniff bounced out of the parlour :

and the two Miss Pecksniffs, with many incoherent expressions, dragged Mr. Pecksniff into an upright posture.

"Pa!" they cried in concert. "Pa! Speak, Pa! Do not look so wild, my dearest Pa!"

But as a gentleman's looks, in such a case of all others, are by no means under his own control, Mr. Pecksniff continued to keep his mouth and his eyes very wide open, and to drop his lower jaw, somewhat after the manner of a toy nut-cracker: and as his hat had fallen off, and his face was pale, and his hair erect, and his coat muddy, the spectacle he presented was so very doleful, that neither of the Miss Pecksniffs could repress an involuntary screech.

"That'll do," said Mr. Pecksniff. "I'm better."

"He's come to himself!" cried the youngest Miss Pecksniff.

"He speaks again!" exclaimed the eldest. With which joyful words they kissed Mr. Pecksniff on either cheek; and bore him into the house. Presently, the youngest Miss Pecksniff ran out again to pick up his hat, his brown paper parcel, his umbrella, his gloves, and other small articles: and that done, and the door closed, both young ladies applied themselves to tending Mr. Pecksniff's wounds in the back parlour.

They were not very serious in their nature: being limited to abrasions on what the eldest Miss Pecksniff called "the knobby parts" of her parent's anatomy, such as his knees and elbows, and to the development of an entirely new organ, unknown to phrenologists, on the back of his head. These injuries having been comforted externally, with patches of pickled brown paper, and Mr. Pecksniff having been comforted internally, with some stiff brandy-and-water, the eldest Miss Pecksniff sat down to make the tea, which was all ready. In the meantime the youngest Miss Pecksniff brought from the kitchen a smoking dish of ham and eggs, and, setting the same before her father, took up her station on a low stool at his feet: thereby bringing her eyes on a level with the teaboard.

It must not be inferred from this position of humility, that the youngest Miss Pecksniff was so young as to be, as one may say, forced to sit upon a stool, by reason of the shortness of her legs. Miss Pecksniff sat upon a stool, because of her simplicity and innocence, which were very great: very great. Miss Pecksniff sat upon a stool, because she was all girlishness, and playfulness, and wildness, and kittenish buoyancy. She was the most arch and at the same time the most artless creature, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff, that you can possibly imagine. It was her great charm. She was too fresh and guileless, and too full of child-like vivacity, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff, to wear combs in her hair, or to turn it up, or to frizzle it, or braid it. She wore it in a crop, a loosely flowing crop, which had so many rows of curls in it, that the top row was only one curl. Moderately buxom was her shape, and quite womanly too; but sometimes—yes, sometimes—she even wore a pinafore; and how charming *that* was! Oh! she was indeed "a gushing thing" (as a young gentleman had observed in verse, in the Poet's-corner of a provincial newspaper), was the youngest Miss Pecksniff!

Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man: a grave man, a man of noble senti-

ments, and speech : and he had had her christened Mercy. Mercy ! oh, what a charming name for such a pure-souled Being as the youngest Miss Pecksniff ! Her sister's name was Charity. There was a good thing ! Mercy and Charity ! And Charity, with her fine strong sense, and her mild, yet not reproachful gravity, was so well named, and did so well set off and illustrate her sister ! What a pleasant sight was that, the contrast they presented : to see each loved and loving one sympathising with, and devoted to, and leaning on, and yet correcting and counter-checking, and, as it were, antidoting, the other ! To behold each damsel, in her very admiration of her sister, setting up in business for herself on an entirely different principle, and announcing no connexion with over-the-way, and if the quality of goods at that establishment don't please you, you are respectfully invited to favour ME with a call ! And the crowning circumstance of the whole delightful catalogue was, that both the fair creatures were so utterly unconscious of all this ! They had no idea of it. They no more thought or dreamed of it, than Mr. Pecksniff did. Nature played them off against each other : *they* had no hand in it, the two Miss Pecksniffs.

It has been remarked that Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. So he was. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff : especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man : fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there : but these were his enemies ; the shadows cast by his brightness ; that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace : a holy calm pervades me." So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-gray, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eye-glass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold the moral Pecksniff !"

The brazen plate upon the door (which being Mr. Pecksniff's, could not lie) bore this inscription, "PECKSNIFF, ARCHITECT," to which Mr. Pecksniff, on his cards of business, added, "AND LAND SURVEYOR." In one sense, and only one, he may be said to have been a Land Surveyor on a pretty large scale, as an extensive prospect lay stretched out before the windows of his house. Of his architectural doings, nothing was clearly known, except that he had never designed or built anything ;

but it was generally understood that his knowledge of the science was almost awful in its profundity.

Mr. Pecksniff's professional engagements, indeed, were almost, if not entirely, confined to the reception of pupils; for the collection of rents, with which pursuit he occasionally varied and relieved his graver toils, can hardly be said to be a strictly architectural employment. His genius lay in ensnaring parents and guardians, and of pocketing premiums. A young gentleman's premium being paid, and the young gentleman come to Mr. Pecksniff's house, Mr. Pecksniff borrowed his case of mathematical instruments (if silver-mounted or otherwise valuable); entreated him, from that moment, to consider himself one of the family; complimented him highly on his parents or guardians, as the case might be; and turned him loose in a spacious room on the two-pair front; where, in the company of certain drawing-boards, parallel rulers, very stiff-legged compasses, and two, or perhaps three, other young gentlemen, he improved himself, for three or five years, according to his articles, in making elevations of Salisbury Cathedral from every possible point of sight; and in constructing in the air a vast quantity of Castles, Houses of Parliament, and other Public Buildings. Perhaps in no place in the world were so many gorgeous edifices of this class erected as under Mr. Pecksniff's auspices; and if but one twentieth part of the churches which were built in that front room, with one or other of the Miss Pecksniffs at the altar in the act of marrying the architect, could only be made available by the parliamentary commissioners, no more churches would be wanted for at least five centuries.

"Even the worldly goods of which we have just disposed," said Mr. Pecksniff, glancing round the table when he had finished, "even cream, sugar, tea, toast, ham,—"

"And eggs," suggested Charity in a low voice.

"And eggs," said Mr. Pecksniff, "even they have their moral. See how they come and go! Every pleasure is transitory. We can't even eat, long. If we indulge in harmless fluids, we get the dropsy; if in exciting liquids, we get drunk. What a soothing reflection is that!"

"Don't say *we* get drunk Pa," urged the eldest Miss Pecksniff.

"When I say, we, my dear," returned her father, "I mean mankind in general; the human race, considered as a body, and not as individuals. There is nothing personal in morality, my love. Even such a thing as this," said Mr. Pecksniff, laying the forefinger of his left hand upon the brown paper patch on the top of his head, "slight casualty, baldness, though it be, reminds us that we are but"—he was going to say "worms," but recollecting that worms were not remarkable for heads of hair, he substituted "flesh and blood."

"Which," cried Mr. Pecksniff after a pause, during which he seemed to have been casting about for a new moral, and not quite successfully, "which is also very soothing. Mercy, my dear, stir the fire and throw up the cinders."

The young lady obeyed, and having done so, resumed her stool, reposed one arm upon her father's knee, and laid her blooming cheek upon it. Miss Charity drew her chair nearer the fire, as one prepared for conversation, and looked towards her father.

"Yes," said Mr. Pecksniff, after a short pause, during which he had been silently smiling, and shaking his head at the fire—"I have again been fortunate in the attainment of my object. A new inmate will very shortly come among us."

"A youth, papa?" asked Charity.

"Ye-es, a youth," said Mr. Pecksniff. "He will avail himself of the eligible opportunity which now offers, for uniting the advantages of the best practical architectural education, with the comforts of a home, and the constant association with some who (however humble their sphere, and limited their capacity) are not unmindful of their moral responsibilities."

"Oh Pa!" cried Mercy, holding up her finger archly. "See advertisement!"

"Playful—playful warbler," said Mr. Pecksniff. It may be observed in connexion with his calling his daughter "a warbler," that she was not at all vocal, but that Mr. Pecksniff was in the frequent habit of using any word that occurred to him as having a good sound, and rounding a sentence well, without much care for its meaning. And he did this so boldly, and in such an imposing manner, that he would sometimes stagger the wisest people with his eloquence, and make them gasp again.

His enemies asserted, by the way, that a strong trustfulness in sounds and forms, was the master-key to Mr. Pecksniff's character.

"Is he handsome, Pa?" enquired the younger daughter.

"Silly Merry!" said the eldest: Merry being fond for Mercy. "What is the premium, Pa? tell us that."

"Oh good gracious, Cherry!" cried Miss Mercy, holding up her hands with the most winning giggle in the world, "what a mercenary girl you are! oh you naughty, thoughtful, prudent thing!"

It was perfectly charming, and worthy of the Pastoral age, to see how the two Miss Pecksniffs slapped each other after this, and then subsided into an embrace expressive of their different dispositions.

"He is well-looking," said Mr. Pecksniff, slowly and distinctly: "well-looking enough. I do not positively expect any immediate premium with him."

Notwithstanding their different natures, both Charity and Mercy concurred in opening their eyes uncommonly wide at this announcement, and in looking for the moment as blank as if their thoughts had actually had a direct bearing on the main-chance.

"But what of that!" said Mr. Pecksniff, still smiling at the fire. "There is disinterestedness in the world, I hope? We are not all arrayed in two opposite ranks: the *offensive* and the *defensive*. Some few there are who walk between; who help the needy as they go; and take no part with either side: umph?"

There was something in these morsels of philanthropy which reassured the sisters. They exchanged glances, and brightened very much.

"Oh! let us not be for ever calculating, devising, and plotting for the future," said Mr. Pecksniff, smiling more and more, and looking at the fire as a man might, who was cracking a joke with it: "I am weary of such arts. If our inclinations are but good and open-hearted, let us gratify them boldly, though they bring upon us, Loss instead of Profit. Eh, Charity?"

Glancing towards his daughters for the first time since he had begun these reflections, and seeing that they both smiled, Mr. Pecksniff eyed them for an instant so jocosely (though still with a kind of saintly waggishness) that the younger one was moved to sit upon his knee forthwith, put her fair arms round his neck, and kiss him twenty times. During the whole of this affectionate display she laughed to a most immoderate extent : in which hilarious indulgence even the prudent Cherry joined.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Pecksniff, pushing his latest-born away, and running his fingers through his hair, as he resumed his tranquil face. "What folly is this ! Let us take heed how we laugh without reason, lest we cry with it. What is the domestic news since yesterday ? John Westlock is gone, I hope ?"

"Indeed no," said Charity.

"And why not ?" returned her father. "His term expired yesterday. And his box was packed, I know ; for I saw it, in the morning, standing in the hall."

"He slept last night at the Dragon," returned the young lady, "and had Mr. Pinch to dine with him. They spent the evening together, and Mr. Pinch was not home till very late."

"And when I saw him on the stairs this morning, Pa," said Mercy with her usual sprightliness, "he looked, oh goodness, *such* a monster ! with his face all manner of colours, and his eyes as dull as if they had been boiled, and his head aching dreadfully, I am sure from the look of it, and his clothes smelling, oh it's impossible to say how strong, of"—here the young lady shuddered—"of smoke and punch."

"Now I think," said Mr. Pecksniff with his accustomed gentleness, though still with the air of one who suffered under injury without complaint, "I think Mr. Pinch might have done better than choose for his companion one who, at the close of a long intercourse, had endeavoured, as he knew, to wound my feelings. I am not quite sure that this was delicate in Mr. Pinch. I am not quite sure that this was kind in Mr. Pinch. I will go further and say, I am not quite sure that this was even ordinarily grateful in Mr. Pinch."

"But what can any one expect from Mr. Pinch !" cried Charity, with as strong and scornful an emphasis on the name as if it would have given her unspeakable pleasure to express it, in an acted charade, on the calf of that gentleman's leg.

"Ay, ay," returned her father, raising his hand mildly : "it is very well to say what can we expect from Mr. Pinch, but Mr. Pinch is a fellow-creature, my dear ; Mr. Pinch is an item in the vast total of humanity, my love ; and we have a right, it is our duty, to expect in Mr. Pinch some development of those better qualities, the possession of which in our own persons inspires our humble self-respect. No," continued Mr. Pecksniff. "No ! Heaven forbid that I should say, nothing can be expected from Mr. Pinch ; or that I should say, nothing can be expected from any man alive (even the most degraded, which Mr. Pinch is not, no really) ; but Mr. Pinch has disappointed me : he has hurt me : I think a little the worse of him on this account, but not of human nature. Oh no, no !"

“Hark!” said Miss Charity, holding up her finger, as a gentle rap was heard at the street-door. “There is the creature! Now mark my words, he has come back with John Westlock for his box, and is going to help him take it to the mail. Only mark my words, if that isn’t his intention!”

Even as she spoke, the box appeared to be in progress of conveyance from the house, but after a brief murmuring of question and answer, it was put down again, and somebody knocked at the parlour door.

“Come in!” cried Mr. Pecksniff—not severely; only virtuously. “Come in!”

An ungainly, awkward-looking man, extremely short-sighted, and prematurely bald, availed himself of this permission; and seeing that Mr. Pecksniff sat with his back towards him, gazing at the fire, stood hesitating, with the door in his hand. He was far from handsome certainly; and was dressed in a snuff-coloured suit, of an uncouth make at the best, which, being shrunken with long wear, was twisted and tortured into all kinds of odd shapes; but notwithstanding his attire, and his clumsy figure, which a great stoop in his shoulders, and a ludicrous habit he had of thrusting his head forward, by no means redeemed, one would not have been disposed (unless Mr. Pecksniff said so) to consider him a bad fellow by any means. He was perhaps about thirty, but he might have been almost any age between sixteen and sixty: being one of those strange creatures who never decline into an ancient appearance, but look their oldest when they are very young, and get it over at once.

Keeping his hand upon the lock of the door, he glanced from Mr. Pecksniff to Mercy, from Mercy to Charity, and from Charity to Mr. Pecksniff again, several times; but the young ladies being as intent upon the fire as their father was, and neither of the three taking any notice of him, he was fain to say, at last,

“Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Pecksniff: I beg your pardon for intruding: but—”

“No intrusion, Mr. Pinch,” said that gentleman very sweetly, but without looking round. “Pray be seated, Mr. Pinch. Have the goodness to shut the door, Mr. Pinch, if you please.”

“Certainly, sir,” said Pinch: not doing so, however, but holding it rather wider open than before, and beckoning nervously to somebody without: “Mr. Westlock, sir, hearing that you were come home”—

“Mr. Pinch, Mr. Pinch!” said Pecksniff, wheeling his chair about, and looking at him with an aspect of the deepest melancholy, “I did not expect this from you. I have not deserved this from you!”

“No, but upon my word sir”—urged Pinch.

“The less you say, Mr. Pinch,” interposed the other, “the better. I utter no complaint. Make no defence.”

“No, but do have the goodness sir,” cried Pinch, with great earnestness, “if you please. Mr. Westlock, sir, going away for good and all, wishes to leave none but friends behind him. Mr. Westlock and you, sir, had a little difference the other day; you have had many little differences.”

“Little differences!” cried Charity.

"Little differences!" echoed Mercy.

"My loves!" said Mr. Pecksniff, with the same serene upraising of his hand; "My dears!" After a solemn pause he meekly bowed to Mr. Pinch, as who should say, "Proceed;" but Mr. Pinch was so very much at a loss how to resume, and looked so helplessly at the two Miss Pecksniffs, that the conversation would most probably have terminated there, if a good-looking youth, newly arrived at man's estate, had not stepped forward from the doorway and taken up the thread of the discourse.

"Come, Mr. Pecksniff," he said, with a smile, "don't let there be any ill-blood between us, pray. I am sorry we have ever differed, and extremely sorry I have ever given you offence. Bear me no ill-will at parting, sir."

"I bear," answered Mr. Pecksniff, mildly, "no ill-will to any man on earth."

"I told you he didn't," said Pinch in an under tone; "I knew he didn't! He always says he don't."

"Then you will shake hands, sir?" cried Westlock, advancing a step or two, and bespeaking Mr. Pinch's close attention by a glance.

"Umph?" said Mr. Pecksniff, in his most winning tone.

"You will shake hands, sir."

"No, John," said Mr. Pecksniff, with a calmness quite ethereal; "no, I will not shake hands, John. I have forgiven you. I had already forgiven you, even before you ceased to reproach and taunt me. I have embraced you in the spirit, John, which is better than shaking hands."

"Pinch," said the youth, turning towards him, with a hearty disgust of his late master, "what did I tell you?"

Poor Pinch looked down uneasily at Mr. Pecksniff, whose eye was fixed upon him as it had been from the first: and looking up at the ceiling again, made no reply.

"As to your forgiveness, Mr. Pecksniff," said the youth, "I'll not have it upon such terms. I won't be forgiven."

"Won't you, John?" retorted Mr. Pecksniff, with a smile. "You must. You can't help it. Forgiveness is a high quality; an exalted virtue; far above *your* control or influence, John. I *will* forgive you. You cannot move me to remember any wrong you have ever done me, John."

"Wrong!" cried the other, with all the heat and impetuosity of his age. "Here's a pretty fellow! Wrong! Wrong I have done him! He'll not even remember the five hundred pounds he had with me under false pretences; or the seventy pounds a-year for board and lodging that would have been dear at seventeen! Here's a martyr!"

"Money, John," said Mr. Pecksniff, "is the root of all evil. I grieve to see that it is already bearing evil fruit in you. But I will not remember its existence. I will not even remember the conduct of that misguided person"—and here, although he spoke like one at peace with all the world, he used an emphasis that plainly said 'I have my eye upon the rascal now'—"that misguided person who has brought you here to-night, seeking to disturb (it is a happiness to say, in vain) the heart's repose and peace of one who would have shed his dearest blood to serve him."

The voice of Mr. Pecksniff trembled as he spoke, and sobs were heard from his daughters. Sounds floated on the air, moreover, as if two spirit voices had exclaimed : one, "Beast !" the other, "Savage !"

"Forgiveness," said Mr. Pecksniff, "entire and pure forgiveness is not incompatible with a wounded heart ; perchance when the heart *is* wounded, it becomes a greater virtue. With my breast still wrung and grieved to its inmost core by the ingratitude of that person, I am proud and glad to say, that I forgive him. Nay ! I beg," cried Mr. Pecksniff, raising his voice, as Pinch appeared about to speak, "I beg that individual not to offer a remark : he will truly oblige me by not uttering one word : just now. I am not sure that I am equal to the trial. In a very short space of time, I shall have sufficient fortitude, I trust, to converse with him as if these events had never happened. But not," said Mr. Pecksniff, turning round again towards the fire, and waving his hand in the direction of the door, "not now."

"Bah !" cried John Westlock, with the utmost disgust and disdain the monosyllable is capable of expressing. "Ladies, good evening. Come, Pinch, it's not worth thinking of. I was right and you were wrong. That's a small matter ; you'll be wiser another time."

So saying, he clapped that dejected companion on the shoulder, turned upon his heel, and walked out into the passage, whither poor Mr. Pinch, after lingering irresolutely in the parlour for a few seconds, expressing in his countenance the deepest mental misery and gloom, followed him. Then they took up the box between them, and sallied out to meet the mail.

That fleet conveyance passed, every night, the corner of a lane at some distance ; towards which point they bent their steps. For some minutes they walked along in silence, until at length young Westlock burst into a loud laugh, and at intervals into another, and another. Still there was no response from his companion.

"I'll tell you what, Pinch !" he said abruptly, after another lengthened silence—"You haven't half enough of the devil in you. Half enough ! You haven't any."

"Well !" said Pinch with a sigh, "I don't know, I'm sure. It's a compliment to say so. If I haven't, I suppose I'm all the better for it."

"All the better !" repeated his companion tartly : "All the worse, you mean to say."

"And yet," said Pinch, pursuing his own thoughts and not this last remark on the part of his friend, "I must have a good deal of what you call the devil in me, too, or how could I make Pecksniff so uncomfortable ? I wouldn't have occasioned him so much distress—don't laugh, please—for a mine of money : and Heaven knows I could find good use for it too, John. How grieved he was !"

"*He* grieved !" returned the other.

"Why didn't you observe that the tears were almost starting out of his eyes !" cried Pinch. "Bless my soul, John, is it nothing to see a man moved to that extent and know one's self to be the cause ! And did you hear him say that he could have shed his blood for me ?"

"Do you *want* any blood shed for you ?" returned his friend, with considerable irritation. "Does he shed anything for you that you *do*

want? Does he shed employment for you, instruction for you, pocket-money for you? Does he shed even legs of mutton for you in any decent proportion to potatoes and garden stuff?"

"I am afraid," said Pinch, sighing again, "that I'm a great eater: I can't disguise from myself that I'm a great eater. Now you know that, John."

"*You* a great eater!" retorted his companion, with no less indignation than before. "How do you know you are?"

There appeared to be forcible matter in this inquiry, for Mr. Pinch only repeated in an under-tone that he had a strong misgiving on the subject, and that he greatly feared he was:

"Besides, whether I am or no," he added, "that has little or nothing to do with his thinking me ungrateful. John, there is scarcely a sin in the world that is in my eyes such a crying one as ingratitude; and when he taxes me with that, and believes me to be guilty of it, he makes me miserable and wretched."

"Do you think he don't know that?" returned the other scornfully. "But come, Pinch, before I say anything more to you, just run over the reasons you have for being grateful to him at all, will you? change hands first, for the box is heavy. That'll do. Now, go on."

"In the first place," said Pinch, "he took me as his pupil for much less than he asked."

"Well," rejoined his friend, perfectly unmoved by this instance of generosity. "What in the second place?"

"What in the second place!" cried Pinch, in a sort of desperation, "why, everything in the second place. My poor old grandmother died happy to think that she had put me with such an excellent man. I have grown up in his house, I am in his confidence, I am his assistant, he allows me a salary: when his business improves, my prospects are to improve too. All this, and a great deal more, is in the second place. And in the very prologue and preface to the first place, John, you must consider this, which nobody knows better than I: that I was born for much plainer and poorer things, that I am not a good hand at his kind of business, and have no talent for it, or indeed for anything else but odds and ends that are of no use or service to anybody."

He said this with so much earnestness, and in a tone so full of feeling, that his companion instinctively changed his manner as he sat down on the box (they had by this time reached the finger-post at the end of the lane); motioned him to sit down beside him; and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"I believe you are one of the best fellows in the world," he said, "Tom Pinch."

"Not at all," rejoined Tom. "If you only knew Pecksniff as well as I do, you might say it of him, indeed, and say it truly."

"I'll say anything of him, you like," returned the other, "and not another word to his disparagement."

"It's for my sake, then; not his, I am afraid," said Pinch, shaking his head gravely.

"For whose you please, Tom, so that it does please you. Oh! He's

a famous fellow! *He* never scraped and clawed into his pouch all your poor grandmother's hard savings—she was a housekeeper, wasn't she, Tom?"

"Yes," said Mr. Pinch, nursing one of his large knees, and nodding his head: "a gentleman's housekeeper."

"*He* never scraped and clawed into his pouch all her hard savings; dazzling her with prospects of your happiness and advancement, which he knew (and no man better) never would be realized! *He* never speculated and traded on her pride in you, and her having educated you, and on her desire that you at least should live to be a gentleman. Not he, Tom!"

"No," said Tom, looking into his friend's face, as if he were a little doubtful of his meaning; "of course not."

"So I say," returned the youth, "of course he never did. *He* didn't take less than he had asked, because that less was all she had, and more than he expected: not he, Tom! He doesn't keep you as his assistant because you are of any use to him; because your wonderful faith in his pretensions is of inestimable service in all his mean disputes; because your honesty reflects honesty on him; because your wandering about this little place all your spare hours, reading in ancient books, and foreign tongues, gets noised abroad, even as far as Salisbury, making of him, Pecksniff the master, a man of learning and of vast importance. *He* gets no credit from you, Tom, not he."

"Why, of course he don't," said Pinch, gazing at his friend with a more troubled aspect than before. "Pecksniff get credit from *me!* Well!"

"Don't I say that it's ridiculous," rejoined the other, "even to think of such a thing?"

"Why, it's madness," said Tom.

"Madness!" returned young Westlock. "Certainly, it's madness. Who but a madman would suppose he cares to hear it said on Sundays, that the volunteer who plays the organ in the church, and practises on summer evenings in the dark, is Mr. Pecksniff's young man, eh, Tom? Who but a madman would suppose it is the game of such a man as he, to have his name in everybody's mouth, connected with the thousand useless odds and ends you do (and which, of course, he taught you), eh, Tom? Who but a madman would suppose you advertise him hereabouts, much cheaper and much better than a chalker on the walls could, eh, Tom? As well might one suppose that he doesn't on all occasions pour out his whole heart and soul to you; that he doesn't make you a very liberal and indeed rather an extravagant allowance; or, to be more wild and monstrous still if that be possible, as well might one suppose," and here, at every word, he struck him lightly on the breast, "that Pecksniff traded in your nature, and that your nature was, to be timid and distrustful of yourself, and trustful of all other men, but most of all, of him who least deserves it. There would be madness, Tom!"

Mr. Pinch had listened to all this with looks of bewilderment, which seemed to be in part occasioned by the matter of his companion's speech, and in part by his rapid and vehement manner. Now that he had come

to a close, he drew a very long breath ; and gazing wistfully in his face as if he were unable to settle in his own mind what expression it wore, and were desirous to draw from it as good a clue to his real meaning as it was possible to obtain in the dark, was about to answer, when the sound of the mail guard's horn came cheerily upon their ears, putting an immediate end to the conference : greatly as it seemed to the satisfaction of the younger man, who jumped up briskly, and gave his hand to his companion.

"Both hands, Tom. I shall write to you from London, mind !"

"Yes," said Pinch. "Yes. Do, please. Good bye. Good bye. I can hardly believe you're going. It seems now but yesterday that you came. Good bye ! my dear old fellow !"

John Westlock returned his parting words with no less heartiness of manner, and sprung up to his seat upon the roof. Off went the mail at a canter down the dark road : the lamps gleaming brightly, and the horn awakening all the echoes, far and wide.

"Go your ways," said Pinch, apostrophizing the coach : "I can hardly persuade myself but you're alive, and are some great monster who visits this place at certain intervals, to bear my friends away into the world. You're more exulting and rampant than usual to-night, I think : and you may well crow over your prize ; for he is a fine lad, an ingenuous lad, and has but one fault that I know of : he don't mean it, but he is most cruelly unjust to Pecksniff !"

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH CERTAIN OTHER PERSONS ARE INTRODUCED ; ON THE SAME TERMS AS IN THE LAST CHAPTER.

MENTION has been already made more than once, of a certain Dragon who swung and creaked complainingly before the village ale-house door. A faded, and an ancient dragon he was ; and many a wintry storm of rain, snow, sleet, and hail, had changed his colour from a gaudy blue to a faint lack-lustre shade of gray. But there he hung ; rearing in a state of monstrous imbecility, on his hind legs ; waxing, with every month that passed, so much more dim and shapeless, that as you gazed at him on one side of the sign-board it seemed as if he must be gradually melting through it, and coming out upon the other.

He was a courteous and considerate dragon too ; or had been in his distincter days ; for in the midst of his rampant feebleness, he kept one of his fore paws near his nose, as though he would say, "Don't mind me—it's only my fun ;" while he held out the other, in polite and hospitable entreaty. Indeed it must be conceded to the whole brood of dragons of modern times, that they have made a great advance in civilization and refinement. They no longer demand a beautiful virgin for breakfast every morning, with as much regularity as any tame single gentleman expects his hot roll, but rest content with the society of idle bachelors and roving married men : and they are now remarkable rather for

holding aloof from the softer sex and discouraging their visits (especially on Saturday nights), than for rudely insisting on their company without any reference to their inclinations, as they are known to have done in days of yore.

Nor is this tribute to the reclaimed animals in question, so wide a digression into the realms of Natural History, as it may, at first sight, appear to be : for the present business of these pages is with the dragon who had his retreat in Mr. Pecksniff's neighbourhood, and that courteous animal being already on the carpet, there is nothing in the way of its immediate transaction.

For many years, then, he had swung and creaked, and flapped himself about, before the two windows of the best bedroom in that house of entertainment to which he lent his name : but never in all his swinging, creaking, and flapping, had there been such a stir within its dingy precincts, as on the evening next after that upon which the incidents, detailed in the last chapter, occurred ; when there was such a hurrying up and down stairs of feet, such a glancing of lights, such a whispering of voices, such a smoking and sputtering of wood newly lighted in a damp chimney, such an airing of linen, such a scorching smell of hot warming-pans, such a domestic bustle and to-do, in short, as never dragon, griffin, unicorn, or other animal of that species presided over, since they first began to interest themselves in household affairs.

An old gentleman and a young lady, travelling, unattended, in a rusty old chariot with post-horses ; coming nobody knew whence, and going nobody knew whither ; had turned out of the high road, and driven unexpectedly to the Blue Dragon : and here was the old gentleman, who had taken this step by reason of his sudden illness in the carriage, suffering the most horrible cramps and spasms, yet protesting and vowing in the very midst of his pain, that he wouldn't have a doctor sent for, and wouldn't take any remedies but those which the young lady administered from a small medicine-chest, and wouldn't, in a word, do anything but terrify the landlady out of her five wits, and obstinately refuse compliance with every suggestion that was made to him.

Of all the five hundred proposals for his relief which the good woman poured out in less than half-an-hour, he would entertain but one. That was, that he should go to bed. And it was in the preparation of his bed, and the arrangement of his chamber, that all the stir was made in the room behind the Dragon.

He was, beyond all question, very ill, and suffered exceedingly : not the less, perhaps, because he was a strong and vigorous old man, with a will of iron, and a voice of brass. But neither the apprehensions which he plainly entertained, at times, for his life ; nor the great pain he underwent ; influenced his resolution in the least degree. He would have no person sent for. The worse he grew, the more rigid and inflexible he became in this determination. If they sent for any person to attend him, man, woman, or child, he would leave the house directly (so he told them), though he quitted it on foot, and died upon the threshold of the door.

Now there being no medical practitioner actually resident in the village, but a poor apothecary who was also a grocer and general dealer, the

landlady had upon her own responsibility sent for him, in the very first burst and outset of the disaster. Of course it followed, as a necessary result of his being wanted, that he was not at home. He had gone some miles away, and was not expected home until late at night ; so the landlady, being by this time pretty well beside herself, despatched the same messenger in all haste for Mr. Pecksniff, as a learned man who could bear a deal of responsibility, and a moral man who could administer a word of comfort to a troubled mind. That her guest had need of some efficient services under the latter head was obvious enough from the restless expressions, importing, however, rather a worldly than a spiritual anxiety, to which he gave frequent utterance.

From this last-mentioned secret errand, the messenger returned with no better news than from the first ; Mr. Pecksniff was not at home. However, they got the patient into bed, without him ; and in the course of two hours, he gradually became so far better that there were much longer intervals than at first between his terms of suffering. By degrees, he ceased to suffer at all : though his exhaustion was occasionally so great, that it suggested hardly less alarm than his actual endurance had done.

It was in one of his intervals of repose, when, looking round with great caution, and reaching uneasily out of his nest of pillows, he endeavoured, with a strange air of secrecy and distrust, to make use of the writing materials which he had ordered to be placed on a table beside him, that the young lady and the mistress of the Blue Dragon, found themselves sitting side by side before the fire in the sick chamber.

The mistress of the Blue Dragon was in outward appearance just what a landlady should be : broad, buxom, comfortable, and good-looking, with a face of clear red and white, which by its jovial aspect, at once bore testimony to her hearty participation in the good things of the larder and the cellar, and to their thriving and healthful influences. She was a widow, but years ago had passed through her state of weeds, and burst into flower again ; and in full bloom she had continued ever since ; and in full bloom she was now ; with roses on her ample skirts, and roses on her boddice, roses in her cap, roses in her cheeks,—ay, and roses, worth the gathering too, on her lips, for that matter. She had still a bright black eye, and jet black hair ; was comely, dimpled, plump, and tight as a gooseberry ; and though she was not exactly what the world calls young, you may make an affidavit, on trust, before any mayor or magistrate in Christendom, that there are a great many young ladies in the world (blessings on them, one and all !) whom you wouldn't like half as well, or admire half as much, as the beaming hostess of the Blue Dragon.

As this fair matron sat beside the fire, she glanced occasionally, with all the pride of ownership, about the room ; which was a large apartment, such as one may see in country places, with a low roof and a sunken flooring, all down-hill from the door, and a descent of two steps on the inside so exquisitely unexpected, that strangers, despite the most elaborate cautioning, usually dived in head-first, as into a plunging-bath. It was none of your frivolous and preposterously bright bedrooms, where nobody can close an eye with any kind of propriety or decent

regard to the association of ideas ; but it was a good, dull, leaden, drowsy place, where every article of furniture reminded you that you came there to sleep, and that you were expected to go to sleep. There was no wakeful reflection of the fire there, as in your modern chambers, which upon the darkest nights have a watchful consciousness of French polish ; the old Spanish mahogany winked at it now and then, as a dozing cat or dog might, nothing more. The very size and shape, and hopeless immoveability, of the bedstead, and wardrobe, and in a minor degree of even the chairs and tables, provoked sleep ; they were plainly apoplectic and disposed to snore. There were no staring portraits to remonstrate with you for being lazy ; no round-eyed birds upon the curtains, disgustingly wide awake, and insufferably prying. The thick neutral hangings, and the dark blinds, and the heavy heap of bed-clothes, were all designed to hold in sleep, and act as non-conductors to the day and getting up. Even the old stuffed fox upon the top of the wardrobe was devoid of any spark of vigilance, for his glass eye had fallen out, and he slumbered as he stood.

The wandering attention of the mistress of the Blue Dragon roved to these things but twice or thrice, and then for but an instant at a time. It soon deserted them, and even the distant bed with its strange burden, for the young creature immediately before her, who, with her downcast eyes intently fixed upon the fire, sat wrapped in silent meditation.

She was very young ; apparently not more than seventeen ; timid and shrinking in her manner, and yet with a greater share of self-possession and control over her emotions than usually belongs to a far more advanced period of female life. This she had abundantly shown, but now, in her tending of the sick gentleman. She was short in stature ; and her figure was slight, as became her years ; but all the charms of youth and maidenhood set it off, and clustered on her gentle brow. Her face was very pale, in part no doubt from recent agitation. Her dark brown hair, disordered from the same cause, had fallen negligently from its bonds, and hung upon her neck : for which instance of its waywardness, no male observer would have had the heart to blame it.

Her attire was that of a lady, but extremely plain ; and in her manner, even when she sat as still as she did then, there was an indefinable something which appeared to be in kindred with her scrupulously unpretending dress. She had sat, at first looking anxiously towards the bed ; but seeing that the patient remained quiet, and was busy with his writing, she had softly moved her chair into its present place : partly, as it seemed, from an instinctive consciousness that he desired to avoid observation ; and partly that she might, unseen by him, give some vent to the natural feelings she had hitherto suppressed.

Of all this, and much more, the rosy landlady of the Blue Dragon took as accurate note and observation as only woman can take of woman. And at length she said, in a voice too low, she knew, to reach the bed :

“ You have seen the gentleman in this way before, Miss ? Is he used to these attacks ? ”

“ I have seen him very ill before, but not so ill as he has been to-night.”

“ What a Providence ! ” said the landlady of the Dragon, “ that you had the prescriptions and the medicines with you, Miss ! ”

"They are intended for such an emergency. We never travel without them."

"Oh!" thought the hostess, "then *we* are in the habit of travelling, and of travelling together."

She was so conscious of expressing this in her face, that meeting the young lady's eyes immediately afterwards, and being a very honest hostess, she was rather confused.

"The gentleman—your grandpapa"—she resumed, after a short pause, "being so bent on having no assistance, must terrify you very much, Miss?"

"I have been very much alarmed to-night. He—he is not my grandfather."

"Father, I should have said," returned the hostess, sensible of having made an awkward mistake.

"Nor my father," said the young lady. "Nor," she added, slightly smiling with a quick perception of what the landlady was going to add, "Nor my uncle. We are not related."

"Oh dear me!" returned the landlady, still more embarrassed than before: "how could I be so very much mistaken; knowing, as anybody in their proper senses might, that when a gentleman is ill, he looks so much older than he really is! That I should have called you 'Miss,' too, Ma'am!" But when she had proceeded thus far, she glanced involuntarily at the third finger of the young lady's left hand, and faltered again: for there was no ring upon it.

"When I told you we were not related," said the other mildly, but not without confusion on her own part, "I meant not in any way. Not even by marriage. Did you call me, Martin?"

"Call you?" cried the old man, looking quickly up, and hurriedly drawing beneath the coverlet, the paper on which he had been writing. "No."

She had moved a pace or two towards the bed, but stopped immediately, and went no further.

"No," he repeated, with a petulant emphasis. "Why do you ask me? If I had called you, what need for such a question?"

"It was the creaking of the sign outside, sir, I dare say," observed the landlady: a suggestion by the way (as she felt a moment after she had made it), not at all complimentary to the voice of the old gentleman.

"No matter what, Ma'am," he rejoined: "it wasn't I. Why how you stand there, Mary, as if I had the plague! But they're all afraid of me," he added, leaning helplessly backward on his pillow, "even she! There is a curse upon me. What else have I to look for!"

"O dear, no. Oh no, I'm sure," said the good-tempered landlady, rising, and going towards him. "Be of better cheer, sir. These are only sick fancies."

"What are only sick fancies?" he retorted. "What do you know about fancies? Who told *you* about fancies? The old story! Fancies!"

"Only see again there, how you take one up!" said the mistress of the Blue Dragon, with unimpaired good humour. "Dear heart alive, there is no harm in the word, sir, if it is an old one. Folks in good health have their fancies too, and strange ones, every day."

Harmless as this speech appeared to be, it acted on the traveller's distrust, like oil on fire. He raised his head up in the bed, and, fixing on her two dark eyes whose brightness was exaggerated by the paleness of his hollow cheeks, as they in turn, together with his straggling locks of long grey hair, were rendered whiter by the tight black velvet skull-cap which he wore, he searched her face intently.

"Ah! you begin too soon," he said, in so low a voice that he seemed to be thinking it, rather than addressing her. "But you lose no time. You do your errand, and you earn your fee. Now, who may be *your* client?"

The landlady looked in great astonishment at her whom he called Mary, and finding no rejoinder in the drooping face, looked back again at him. At first she had recoiled involuntarily, supposing him disordered in his mind; but the slow composure of his manner, and the settled purpose announced in his strong features, and gathering, most of all, about his puckered mouth, forbade the supposition.

"Come," he said, "tell me who is it? Being here, it is not very hard for me to guess, you may suppose."

"Martin," interposed the young lady, laying her hand upon his arm; "reflect how short a time we have been in this house, and that even your name is unknown here."

"Unless," he said, "you—." He was evidently tempted to express a suspicion of her having broken his confidence in favour of the landlady, but either remembering her tender nursing, or being moved in some sort, by her face, he checked himself, and changing his uneasy posture in the bed, was silent.

"There!" said Mrs. Lupin: for in that name the Blue Dragon was licensed to furnish entertainment, both to man and beast. "Now, you will be well again, sir. You forgot, for the moment, that there were none but friends here."

"Oh!" cried the old man moaning impatiently, as he tossed one restless arm upon the coverlet, "why do you talk to me of friends! Can you or anybody teach me to know who are my friends, and who my enemies?"

"At least," urged Mrs. Lupin, gently, "this young lady is your friend, I am sure."

"She has no temptation to be otherwise," cried the old man, like one whose hope and confidence were utterly exhausted. "I suppose she is. Heaven knows. There: let me try to sleep. Leave the candle where it is."

As they retired from the bed, he drew forth the writing which had occupied him so long, and holding it in the flame of the taper burnt it to ashes. That done, he extinguished the light, and turning his face away with a heavy sigh, drew the coverlet about his head, and lay quite still.

This destruction of the paper, both as being strangely inconsistent with the labour he had devoted to it and as involving considerable danger of fire to the Dragon, occasioned Mrs. Lupin not a little consternation. But the young lady evincing no surprise, curiosity, or alarm, whispered her, with many thanks for her solicitude and company, that she would remain there some time longer; and that she begged her not

to share her watch, as she was well used to being alone, and would pass the time in reading.

Mrs. Lupin had her full share and dividend of that large capital of curiosity which is inherited by her sex, and at another time it might have been difficult so to impress this hint upon her as to induce her to take it. But now, in sheer wonder and amazement at these mysteries, she withdrew at once, and repairing straightway to her own little parlour below-stairs, sat down in her easy-chair with unnatural composure. At this very crisis, a step was heard in the entry, and Mr. Pecksniff, looking sweetly over the half-door of the bar, and into the vista of snug privacy beyond, murmured :

“ Good evening, Mrs. Lupin !”

“ Oh dear me, sir !” she cried, advancing to receive him, “ I am so very glad you have come.”

“ And *I* am very glad I have come,” said Mr. Pecksniff, “ if I can be of service. I am very glad I have come. What is the matter, Mrs. Lupin ?”

“ A gentleman taken ill upon the road, has been so very bad up-stairs, sir,” said the tearful hostess.

“ A gentleman taken ill upon the road, has been so very bad up-stairs, has he ?” repeated Mr. Pecksniff. “ Well, well !”

Now there was nothing that one may call decidedly original in this remark, nor can it be exactly said to have contained any wise precept theretofore unknown to mankind, or to have opened any hidden source of consolation : but Mr. Pecksniff’s manner was so bland, and he nodded his head so soothingly, and showed in everything such an affable sense of his own excellence, that anybody would have been, as Mrs. Lupin was, comforted by the mere voice and presence of such a man ; and, though he had merely said “ a verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person, my good friend,” or “ eight times eight are sixty-four, my worthy soul,” must have felt deeply grateful to him for his humanity and wisdom.

“ And how,” asked Mr. Pecksniff, drawing off his gloves and warming his hands before the fire, as benevolently as if they were somebody else’s, not his : “ and how is he now ?”

“ He is better, and quite tranquil,” answered Mrs. Lupin.

“ He is better, and quite tranquil,” said Mr. Pecksniff. “ Very well ! ve-ry well !”

Here again, though the statement was Mrs. Lupin’s and not Mr. Pecksniff’s, Mr. Pecksniff made it his own and consoled her with it. It was not much when Mrs. Lupin said it, but it was a whole book when Mr. Pecksniff said it. “ *I* observe,” he seemed to say, “ and, through me, morality in general remarks, that he is better and quite tranquil.”

“ There must be weighty matters on his mind though,” said the hostess, shaking her head, “ for he talks, sir, in the strangest way you ever heard. He is far from easy in his thoughts, and wants some proper advice from those whose goodness makes it worth his having.”

“ Then,” said Mr. Pecksniff, “ he is the sort of customer for me.” But though he said this in the plainest language, he didn’t speak a word. He only shook his head : disparagingly of himself too.

"I am afraid, sir," continued the landlady, first looking round to assure herself that there was nobody within hearing, and then looking down upon the floor. "I am very much afraid, sir, that his conscience is troubled by his not being related—or—or even married to—a very young lady—"

"Mrs. Lupin!" said Mr. Pecksniff, holding up his hand with something in his manner as nearly approaching to severity, as any expression of his, mild being that he was, could ever do. "Person! young person?"

"A very young person," said Mrs. Lupin, courtesying and blushing: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I have been so hurried to-night, that I don't know what I say: who is with him now?"

"Who is with him now," ruminated Mr. Pecksniff, warming his back (as he had warmed his hands) as if it were a widow's back, or an orphan's back, or an enemy's back, or a back that any less excellent man would have suffered to be cold: "Oh dear me, dear me!"

"At the same time I am bound to say, and I do say with all my heart," observed the hostess, earnestly, "that her looks and manner almost disarm suspicion."

"Your suspicion, Mrs. Lupin," said Mr. Pecksniff gravely, "is very natural."

Touching which remark, let it be written down to their confusion, that the enemies of this worthy man unblushingly maintained that he always said of what was very bad, that it was very natural; and that he unconsciously betrayed his own nature in doing so.

"Your suspicion, Mrs. Lupin," he repeated, "is very natural, and I have no doubt correct. I will wait upon these travellers."

With that he took off his great-coat, and having run his fingers through his hair, thrust one hand gently in the bosom of his waistcoat and meekly signed to her to lead the way.

"Shall I knock?" asked Mrs. Lupin, when they reached the chamber door.

"No," said Mr. Pecksniff, "enter if you please."

They went in on tiptoe: or rather the hostess took that precaution, for Mr. Pecksniff always walked softly. The old gentleman was still asleep, and his young companion still sat reading by the fire.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Pecksniff, pausing at the door, and giving his head a melancholy roll, "I am afraid that this looks artful. I am afraid, Mrs. Lupin, do you know, that this looks very artful!"

As he finished this whisper, he advanced, before the hostess; and at the same time the young lady, hearing footsteps, rose. Mr. Pecksniff glanced at the volume she held, and whispered Mrs. Lupin again: if possible, with increased despondency.

"Yes ma'am," he said, "it is a good book. I was fearful of that beforehand. I am apprehensive that this is a very deep thing indeed!"

"What gentleman is this?" inquired the object of his virtuous doubts.

"Hush! don't trouble yourself, Ma'am," said Mr. Pecksniff, as the landlady was about to answer. "This young"—in spite of himself he hesitated when 'person' rose to his lips, and substituted another word: "this young stranger, Mrs. Lupin, will excuse me for replying briefly, that I reside in this village; it may be in an influential manner, however

undeserved ; and that I have been summoned here, by you. I am here, as I am everywhere, I hope, in sympathy for the sick and sorry."

With these impressive words, Mr. Pecksniff passed over to the bedside, where, after patting the counterpane once or twice in a very solemn manner, as if by that means he gained a clear insight into the patient's disorder, he took his seat in a large arm-chair, and in an attitude of some thoughtfulness and much comfort, waited for his waking. Whatever objection the young lady urged to Mrs. Lupin went no further, for nothing more was said to Mr. Pecksniff, and Mr. Pecksniff said nothing more to anybody else.

Full half-an-hour elapsed before the old man stirred, but at length he turned himself in bed, and, though not yet awake, gave tokens that his sleep was drawing to an end. By little and little he removed the bed-clothes from about his head, and turned still more towards the side where Mr. Pecksniff sat. In course of time his eyes opened ; and he lay for a few moments as people newly roused sometimes will, gazing indolently at his visitor, without any distinct consciousness of his presence.

There was nothing remarkable in these proceedings, except the influence they worked on Mr. Pecksniff, which could hardly have been surpassed by the most marvellous of natural phenomena. Gradually his hands became tightly clasped upon the elbows of the chair, his eyes dilated with surprise, his mouth opened, his hair stood more erect upon his forehead than its custom was, until, at length, when the old man rose in bed, and stared at him with scarcely less emotion than he showed himself, the Pecksniff doubts were all resolved, and he exclaimed aloud :

"You *are* Martin Chuzzlewit !"

His consternation of surprise was so genuine, that the old man, with all the disposition that he clearly entertained to believe it assumed, was convinced of its reality.

"I *am* Martin Chuzzlewit," he said, bitterly : "and Martin Chuzzlewit wishes you had been hanged, before you had come here to disturb him in his sleep. Why, I dreamed of this fellow !" he said, lying down again, and turning away his face, "before I knew that he was near me !"

"My good cousin—" said Mr. Pecksniff.

"There ! His very first words !" cried the old man, shaking his gray head to and fro upon the pillow, and throwing up his hands. "In his very first words he asserts his relationship ! I knew he would : they all do it ! Near or distant, blood or water, it's all one. Ugh ! What a calendar of deceit, and lying, and false-witnessing, the sound of any word of kindred opens before me !"

"Pray do not be hasty, Mr. Chuzzlewit," said Pecksniff, in a tone that was at once in the sublimest degree compassionate and dispassionate ; for he had by this time recovered from his surprise, and was in full possession of his virtuous self. "You will regret being hasty, I know you will."

"You know !" said Martin, contemptuously.

"Yes," retorted Mr. Pecksniff. "Ay ay, Mr. Chuzzlewit : and don't imagine that I mean to court or flatter you : for nothing is further from my intention. Neither, sir, need you entertain the least misgiving that

I shall repeat that obnoxious word which has given you so much offence already. Why should I? What do I expect or want from you? There is nothing in your possession that I know of, Mr. Chuzzlewit, which is much to be coveted for the happiness it brings you."

"That's true enough," muttered the old man.

"Apart from that consideration," said Mr. Pecksniff, watchful of the effect he made, "it must be plain to you (I am sure) by this time, that if I had wished to insinuate myself into your good opinion, I should have been, of all things, careful not to address you as a relative: knowing your humour, and being quite certain beforehand that I could not have a worse letter of recommendation."

Martin made not any verbal answer; but he as clearly implied, though only by a motion of his legs beneath the bed-clothes, that there was reason in this and he could not dispute it, as if he had said as much in good set terms.

"No," said Mr. Pecksniff, keeping his hand in his waistcoat as though he were ready, on the shortest notice, to produce his heart for Martin Chuzzlewit's inspection, "I came here to offer my services to a stranger. I make no offer of them to you, because I know you would distrust me if I did. But lying on that bed, sir, I regard you as a stranger, and I have just that amount of interest in you which I hope I should feel in any stranger, circumstanced as you are. Beyond that, I am quite as indifferent to you, Mr. Chuzzlewit, as you are to me."

Having said which, Mr. Pecksniff threw himself back in the easy chair: so radiant with ingenuous honesty, that Mrs. Lupin almost wondered not to see a stained-glass Glory, such as the Saint wore in the church, shining about his head.

A long pause succeeded. The old man, with increased restlessness, changed his posture several times. Mrs. Lupin and the young lady gazed in silence at the counterpane. Mr. Pecksniff toyed abstractedly with his eye-glass, and kept his eyes shut, that he might ruminate the better.

"Eh?" he said at last: opening them suddenly, and looking towards the bed. "I beg your pardon. I thought you spoke. Mrs. Lupin," he continued, slowly rising, "I am not aware that I can be of any service to you here. The gentleman is better, and you are as good a nurse as he can have. Eh?"

This last note of interrogation bore reference to another change of posture on the old man's part, which brought his face towards Mr. Pecksniff for the first time since he had turned away from him.

"If you desire to speak to me before I go, sir," continued that gentleman, after another pause, "you may command my leisure; but I must stipulate, in justice to myself, that you do so as to a stranger: strictly as to a stranger."

Now if Mr. Pecksniff knew, from anything Martin Chuzzlewit had expressed in gestures, that he wanted to speak to him, he could only have found it out on some such principle as prevails in melodramas, and in virtue of which the elderly farmer with the comic son always knows what the dumb-girl means when she takes refuge in his garden, and

relates her personal memoirs in incomprehensible pantomime. But without stopping to make any inquiry on this point, Martin Chuzzlewit signed to his young companion to withdraw, which she immediately did, along with the landlady: leaving him and Mr. Pecksniff alone together. For some time they looked at each other in silence; or rather the old man looked at Mr. Pecksniff, and Mr. Pecksniff, again closing his eyes on all outward objects, took an inward survey of his own breast. That it amply repaid him for his trouble, and afforded a delicious and enchanting prospect, was clear from the expression of his face.

"You wish me to speak to you as to a total stranger," said the old man, "do you?"

Mr. Pecksniff replied, by a shrug of his shoulders and an apparent turning-round of his eyes in their sockets before he opened them, that he was still reduced to the necessity of entertaining that desire.

"You shall be gratified," said Martin. "Sir, I am a rich man. Not so rich as some suppose, perhaps, but yet wealthy. I am not a miser, sir, though even that charge is made against me, as I hear, and currently believed. I have no pleasure in hoarding. I have no pleasure in the possession of money. The devil that we call by that name can give me nothing but unhappiness."

It would be no description of Mr. Pecksniff's gentleness of manner, to adopt the common parlance, and say, that he looked at this moment as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He rather looked as if any quantity of butter might have been made out of him, by churning the milk of human kindness, as it spouted upwards from his heart.

"For the same reason that I am not a hoarder of money," said the old man, "I am not lavish of it. Some people find their gratification in storing it up; and others theirs in parting with it; but I have no gratification connected with the thing. Pain and bitterness are the only goods it ever could procure for me. I hate it. It is a spectre walking before me through the world, and making every social pleasure hideous."

A thought arose in Mr. Pecksniff's mind, which must have instantly mounted to his face, or Martin Chuzzlewit would not have resumed as quickly and as sternly as he did:

"You would advise me for my peace of mind, to get rid of this source of misery, and transfer it to some one who could bear it better. Even you perhaps, would rid me of a burden under which I suffer so grievously. But, kind stranger," said the old man, whose every feature darkened as he spoke, "good Christian stranger, that is a main part of my trouble. In other hands, I have known money do good; in other hands I have known it triumphed in, and boasted of with reason, as the master-key to all the brazen gates that close upon the paths to worldly honour, fortune, and enjoyment. To what man or woman; to what worthy, honest, incorruptible creature; shall I confide such a talisman either now or when I die? Do you know any such person? Your virtues are of course inestimable, but can you tell me of any other living creature who will bear the test of contact with myself?"

"Of contact with yourself, sir," echoed Mr. Pecksniff.

"Ay," returned the old man, "the test of contact with me—with

me. You have heard of him whose misery (the gratification of his own foolish wish) was, that he turned every thing he touched, to gold. The curse of my existence, and the realization of my own mad desire, is that by the golden standard which I bear about me, I am doomed to try the metal of all other men, and find it false and hollow."

Mr. Pecksniff shook his head, and said, "You think so."

"Oh yes," cried the old man, "I think so! and in your telling me 'I think so,' I recognise the true unworldly ring of *your* metal. I tell you, man," he added, with increasing bitterness, "that I have gone, a rich man, among people of all grades and kinds; relatives, friends, and strangers; among people in whom, when I was poor, I had confidence, and justly, for they never once deceived me then, or, to me, wronged each other. But I have never found one nature, no, not one, in which, being wealthy and alone, I was not forced to detect the latent corruption that lay hid within it, waiting for such as I to bring it forth. Treachery, deceit, and low design; hatred of competitors, real or fancied, for my favor; meanness, falsehood, baseness, and servility; or," and here he looked closely in his cousin's eyes, "or an assumption of honest independence, almost worse than all; these are the beauties which my wealth has brought to light. Brother against brother, child against parent, friends treading on the faces of friends, this is the social company by which my way has been attended. There are stories told—they may be true or false—of rich men, who, in the garb of poverty, have found out virtue and rewarded it. They were dolts and idiots for their pains. They should have made the search in their own characters. They should have shown themselves fit objects to be robbed and preyed upon and plotted against, and adulated by any knaves, who, but for joy, would have spat upon their coffins when they died their dupes; and then their search would have ended as mine has done, and they would be what I am."

Mr. Pecksniff, not at all knowing what it might be best to say, in the momentary pause which ensued upon these remarks, made an elaborate demonstration of intending to deliver something very oracular indeed: trusting to the certainty of the old man interrupting him, before he should utter a word. Nor was he mistaken, for Martin Chuzzlewit having taken breath, went on to say:

"Hear me to an end; judge what profit you are like to gain from any repetition of this visit; and leave me. I have so corrupted and changed the nature of all those who have ever attended on me, by breeding avaricious plots and hopes within them; I have engendered such domestic strife and discord, by tarrying even with members of my own family; I have been such a lighted torch in peaceful homes, kindling up all the bad gases and vapours in their moral atmosphere, which, but for me, might have proved harmless to the end; that I have, I may say, fled from all who knew me, and taking refuge in secret places, have lived, of late, the life of one who is hunted. The young girl whom you just now saw—what! your eye lightens when I talk of her! You hate her already, do you!"

"Upon my word, sir!" said Mr. Pecksniff, laying his hand upon his breast, and dropping his eyelids.

"I forgot," cried the old man, looking at him with a keenness which the other seemed to feel, although he did not raise his eyes so as to see it: "I ask your pardon. I forgot you were a stranger. For the moment you reminded me of one Pecksniff, a cousin of mine. As I was saying—the young girl whom you just now saw, is an orphan child, whom, with one steady purpose, I have bred and educated, or, if you prefer the word, adopted. For a year or more she has been my constant companion, and she is my only one. I have taken, as she knows, a solemn oath never to leave her sixpence when I die, but while I live, I make her an annual allowance: not extravagant in its amount and yet not stinted. There is a compact between us that no term of affectionate cajolery shall ever be addressed by either to the other, but that she call me always by my Christian name, I her, by hers. She is bound to me in life by ties of interest, and losing by my death, and having no expectation disappointed, will mourn it, perhaps: though for that I care little. This is the only kind of friend I have or will have. Judge from such premises what a profitable hour you have spent in coming here, and leave me: to return no more."

With these words, the old man fell slowly back upon his pillow. Mr. Pecksniff as slowly rose, and, with a prefatory hem, began as follows:

"Mr. Chuzzlewit."

"There. Go!" interposed the other. "Enough of this. I am weary of you."

"I am sorry for that, sir," rejoined Mr. Pecksniff, "because I have a duty to discharge, from which, depend upon it, I shall not shrink. No, sir, I shall not shrink."

It is a lamentable fact, that as Mr. Pecksniff stood erect beside the bed, in all the dignity of Goodness, and addressed him thus, the old man cast an angry glance towards the candlestick, as if he were possessed by a strong inclination to launch it at his cousin's head. But he constrained himself, and pointing with his finger to the door, informed him that his road lay there.

"Thank you," said Mr. Pecksniff, "I am aware of that; I am going. But before I go, I crave your leave to speak, and more than that, Mr. Chuzzlewit, I must and will—yes indeed, I repeat it, must and will—be heard. I am not surprised, sir, at anything you have told me to-night. It is natural, very natural, and the greater part of it was known to me before. I will not say," continued Mr. Pecksniff, drawing out his pocket-handkerchief, and winking with both eyes at once, as it were, against his will, "I will not say that you are mistaken in me. While you are in your present mood I would not say so for the world. I almost wish, indeed, that I had a different nature, that I might repress even this slight confession of weakness: which I cannot disguise from you: which I feel is humiliating: but which you will have the goodness to excuse. We will say, if you please," added Mr. Pecksniff, with great tenderness of manner, "that it arises from a cold in the head, or is attributable to snuff, or smelling-salts, or onions, or anything but the real cause."

Here he paused for an instant, and concealed his face behind his pocket-

handkerchief. Then, smiling faintly, and holding the bed-furniture with one hand, he resumed :

“ But, Mr. Chuzzlewit, while I am forgetful of myself, I owe it to myself, and to my character—ay sir, and I *have* a character which is very dear to me, and will be the best inheritance of my two daughters—to tell you, on behalf of another, that your conduct is wrong, unnatural, indefensible, monstrous. And I tell you, sir,” said Mr. Pecksniff, towering on tiptoe among the curtains, as if he were literally rising above all worldly considerations, and were fain to hold on tight, to keep himself from darting skywards like a rocket, “ I tell you without fear or favor, that it will not do for you to be unmindful of your grandson, young Martin, who has the strongest natural claim upon you. It will not do, sir,” repeated Mr. Pecksniff, shaking his head. “ You may think it will do, but it won’t. You must provide for that young man ; you shall provide for him ; you *will* provide for him. I believe,” said Mr. Pecksniff, glancing at the pen-and-ink, “ that in secret you have already done so. Bless you for doing so. Bless you for doing right, sir. Bless you for hating me. And good night ! ”

So saying, Mr. Pecksniff waved his right hand with much solemnity ; and once more inserting it in his waistcoat, departed. There was emotion in his manner, but his step was firm. Subject to human weaknesses, he was upheld by conscience.

Martin lay for some time, with an expression on his face of silent wonder, not unmixed with rage : at length he muttered in a whisper :

“ What does this mean ? Can the false-hearted boy have chosen such a tool as yonder fellow who has just gone out ? Why not ! He has conspired against me, like the rest, and they but birds of one feather. A new plot ; a new plot ! Oh self, self, self ! At every turn, nothing but self ! ”

He fell to trifling, as he ceased to speak, with the ashes of the burnt paper in the candlestick. He did so, at first in pure abstraction, but they presently became the subject of his thoughts.

“ Another will made and destroyed,” he said, “ nothing determined on, nothing done, and I might have died to-night ! I plainly see to what foul uses all this money will be put at last,” he cried, almost writhing in the bed : “ after filling me with cares and miseries all my life, it will perpetuate discord and bad passions when I am dead. So it always is. What lawsuits grow out of the graves of rich men, every day : sowing perjury, hatred, and lies among near kindred, where there should be nothing but love ! Heaven help us, we have much to answer for ! Oh self, self, self ! Every man for himself, and no creature for me ! ”

Universal self ! Was there nothing of its shadow in these reflections, and in the history of Martin Chuzzlewit, on his own showing ?

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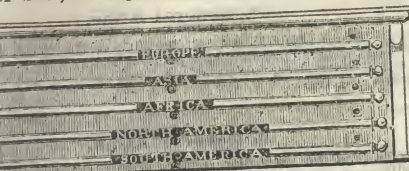
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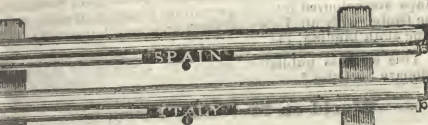
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| | | Weekly Average. |
|--------------------------|---------------|--------------------|
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| Argus..... | 15,500 | ... 1192 |
| Atlas..... | 29,000 | ... 2230 |
| Britannia..... | 58,500 | ... 4500 |
| Conservative Journal.... | 15,500 | ... 1192 |
| Court Gazette..... | 19,750 | ... 1519 |
| Court Journal..... | 18,000 | ... 1384 |
| Era..... | 65,000 | ... 5000 |
| John Bull..... | 52,000 | ... 4000 |
| Observer | 44,000 | ... 3384 |
| Spectator..... | 47,000 | ... 3615 |

From 1st Oct. to 31st Dec. 1841.

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|--------------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Age | 19,000 | ... 1461 |
| Argus..... | 24,000 | ... 1845 |
| Atlas..... | 16,500 | ... 1269 |
| Britannia..... | 60,000 | ... 4615 |
| Conservative Journal.... | 20,500 | ... 1576 |
| Court Gazette..... | 14,000 | ... 1075 |
| Court Journal..... | 18,000 | ... 1384 |
| Era..... | 65,000 | ... 5000 |
| John Bull..... | 48,000 | ... 3692 |
| Observer | 50,000 | ... 3846 |
| Spectator..... | 48,000 | ... 3692 |

FIRST SIX MONTHS OF 1842.

From 1st Jan. to 31st March 1842.

| | | Weekly Average. |
|--------------------------|---------------|--------------------|
| Age..... | 16,000 | ... 1230 |
| Argus..... | 24,000 | ... 1845 |
| Atlas..... | 28,000 | ... 2153 |
| Britannia..... | 71,000 | ... 5461 |
| Conservative Journal.... | 10,000 | ... 769 |
| Court Gazette..... | 11,500 | ... 884 |
| Court Journal..... | 19,000 | ... 1461 |
| Era..... | 65,000 | ... 5000 |
| John Bull..... | 50,000 | ... 3846 |
| Observer | 76,000 | ... 5846 |
| Spectator..... | 47,000 | ... 3615 |

From 1st April to 30th June 1842.

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|--------------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Age..... | 18,000 | ... 1384 |
| Argus..... | 23,750 | ... 1826 |
| Atlas..... | 26,000 | ... 2000 |
| Britannia..... | 76,500 | ... 5814 |
| Conservative Journal.... | 11,000 | ... 846 |
| Court Gazette..... | 14,000 | ... 1075 |
| Court Journal..... | 20,500 | ... 1576 |
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W. WATSON, Reg.

ADDRESS.

THE activity and enterprise of modern times, and the increasing intelligence of the public mind, are in nothing more strikingly shewn than in the continued improvement of the Newspaper. Originally established by a most wise and prudent Princess, to provoke the patriotism of the nation in the hour of danger, to quiet unnecessary alarms, and to shew the people the necessity of exertion to resist the invader and preserve their independence, it for a time maintained an uncertain existence, as the blind instrument of whatever government prevailed. Restricted in its range, and fettered in its opinions, it gained little reputation, either as a faithful chronicler or independent observer. It partook of the passion, the prejudice, and the falsehood of party, and rather stimulated the heat of faction, than exposed its worthlessness. It could neither check the progress of fanaticism, arrest the rage of civil war, nor save the nation from the guilt of regicide. While it was dependent, it was useless either for advocating the principles of true liberty, or for resisting the encroachments of government on the one hand, and restraining the excesses of the people on the other. Its career of real utility commenced with its freedom both from patronage and restraint. When disregarding the intrigues of venal and ambitious men, or regarding only to denounce them, it devoted itself to the public interests, and enlightened the national mind upon great questions of policy,—when it espoused the cause of right, however weak,—and opposed the wrong, however powerful,—when it proved itself superior to the temptations which distort the views of public men, and vindicated its right to judge their conduct by the clearness of its vision, and the perfect independence of its views;—then the newspaper rose rapidly into importance, and almost assumed that position in the state enjoyed by the Tribunes of ancient Rome, though free from their corrupt ambition and brutish turbulence. But this change was not effected at once. On its first establishment, the Press could scarcely be expected to perceive the vast importance of its office, or to comprehend the extent and the boundaries of its duties. A century ago, newspapers exhibited but little of that talent, intelligence, and principle, which distinguish them at the present time. They ministered to the follies of the town, instead of aiming at their correction; and sought popularity by the circulation of scandalous anecdotes, and by affording topics of conversation to coffee-house wits and fashionable gossips, to whom they were at once an object of delight, terror, and contempt. Gradually, however, they came to partake of that gravity and earnestness which lie at the bottom of the English character; society lost the frivolity and dissoluteness which it acquired with the restoration of Charles, and retained so long afterwards; the essayists in their writings gave examples of cultivated taste and pure composition; and newspapers, catching their tone, brought to the discussion of political questions, equal ability and knowledge. Superior minds perceived their use in directing public opinion into right channels; and they gained influence, exactly in proportion as they gained character.

It is with no affectation of superiority, but from a perfect conviction of its truth, that we say, it has been reserved to our own time to develop all the capabilities of the newspaper, and to shew it in its most respectable character. Disdaining all interference with private life, it rests its claims to support on its honesty, its independence, and its enterprise. To the *Standard* (which is mentioned as the daily paper most recently established) the country is indebted for an example of what a public journal may become, and how beneficially it may exercise its influence, not only in the promotion of political truth, but in the service of religion, morals, and humanity. To render the *Conservative Weekly Press* equally respectable, THE BRITANNIA was established, and it may be permitted us to refer with pride to the crowd of testimonials we have received of its worth and utility. We have the satisfaction to know that our efforts have been appreciated; and that, while constantly avoiding whatever could wound private feeling, or minister to a depraved taste, and humbly labouring to improve the condition of society by advocating principles on which its welfare and very existence depend, our circulation has continued steadily to advance, and our exertions to prosper. During the first year of its existence, the average circulation of the

BRITANNIA did not exceed one thousand copies; a reference to the Stamp Returns prefixed to this Address, will shew what its sale is now.

In submitting some extracts from its original articles to the reader's notice, we must guard against the supposition that any fair idea can be given of its varied contents and general management by such means. Much of the interest and value of a Weekly Paper depends on the care exercised in every department. To make a judicious selection of intelligence, and to place it before the reader in its most attractive form,—to omit nothing that is important, and insert nothing that is improper,—to reflect life in all its forms, and public opinion in all its shades,—to watch the course of events, not only in Great Britain and her Dependencies, but in other countries, and to keep the reader *au courant* with them,—to compare, combine, and correct the hurried accounts of important transactions received from various sources, and to weave them into one consistent narrative,—to let no paragraph appear without a diligent revisal;—these are some of the duties of a well-conducted Weekly Journal, which cannot be appreciated without an examination of its columns. With more time for reflection than can possibly be permitted to a daily print, the Weekly Paper may be both the historian and critic of passing events, and its pages be referred to with pleasure and instruction long after the immediate interest attendant on the facts it chronicles has ceased. The circumstance that copies of the BRITANNIA are extensively preserved for binding, is some evidence of the estimation in which it is held as an enduring record of passing events.

The noble size of the BRITANNIA enables it to devote a considerable space to LITERATURE, the FINE ARTS, and all other forms in which the intellectual vigour of the country exhibits itself. Though the collection of early and authentic NEWS in every shape is considered to be the first duty of a public journal, it is thought that nothing will be out of place in its columns which can minister to the gratification of a refined taste, and afford delight and instruction to the family circle. Where musical or other notices are not original, the reader may depend that an impartial judgment is exercised to select the best remarks from contemporary criticism, and to invariably acknowledge the source whence they are derived.

It is not too much to assert, that the character of every one is in some degree formed by the journal he constantly reads; that it has a direct, though perhaps imperceptible, influence on his mind and heart. This is a serious consideration, which should have its weight both with the conductors and readers of a newspaper. It is quite true that the judgment will frequently err, and that there will be shades of opinion among persons best agreed on general principles. But honesty of purpose the public has a right to expect; and to this merit the BRITANNIA boldly lays claim. From its commencement it has been the consistent advocate of a Conservative policy, as best calculated to improve the condition of society, by extending the institutions on which its peace and happiness depend; to maintain public order, so essential to commercial prosperity; to preserve a manly and rational freedom; and to afford protection to the labour of the industrious, as well as to the property of the wealthy. The social views of a paper are not of less importance than its political opinions;—as it gives the exactest representation of human life, it should also afford the justest rules for its conduct. On this point it would be superfluous to dwell; but we may briefly be permitted to say, that it has been the aim of the BRITANNIA to increase the pleasures and enjoyments of home, and to cultivate a cheerful, sound, and healthy tone of moral feeling.

Particular attention is paid to the preparation of the Parliamentary Intelligence. By a new mode of arrangement, the *business* actually transacted during the week is presented to the reader at a glance, while the spirit and eloquence of the *Debates* are preserved, and all that is superfluous or unimportant is retrenched. The Great Speeches of the Session are given entire, and carefully corrected. No exertion is spared to render all the other varied departments of a Weekly Journal as complete, copious, and generally interesting as possible.

The BRITANNIA is handsomely printed, contains sixteen folio pages of varied and interesting matter, and the price is Sixpence. The First Edition is published at an early hour on Saturday morning, and may be received at towns distant 100 miles from London on the same day; a Second Edition, containing the Latest News up to the hour of publication, is published in the afternoon, for Town circulation.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BRITANNIA.

Politics.

THE AFFGHAN WAR.—LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S PROCLAMATION.

NEXT to the triumphant feeling with which England received the intelligence of our Indian victories, we feel ourselves called on to do due honour to the proclamation by which they have been followed and consummated. That document puts an end to the question which has till now always dissatisfied the wiser and more moral portion of the British mind with the conduct of our Indian affairs; and by that single act has expanded to the country, we entirely believe, a prospect of more substantial power, and more permanent renown, than the most subtle politics or the most grasping ambition could ever have secured to the British empire.

The hostilities in India were unwise, impolitic, and prejudicial. The true political prowess of England should have been shewn, in constructing a distinct and complete *British* dominion in Asia—a model for the Indian population, instead of a terror to the Indian princes—a government expending its wealth in filling its territory with magnificent cities, vast canals, aqueducts, and roads; establishing colleges and schools, cultivating the singular talents of the people, and making our Indian kingdom the true glory of India, and the wonder of nations. This is not Utopian, for something nearly approaching it was done by even the Tartar governments of India, and the country still contains noble evidences of their kingly conceptions, while we, the masters of it for a hundred years, have hitherto exhibited nothing of our national munificence: the palpable reason being, that the Mogul princes, not scattering their troops over the peninsula, were enabled to govern with a less expenditure, and to devote their wealth to the improvement of their own territory. If we are to discern the adoption of this policy in the proclamation of the Governor-General, we must hail it as the dawning of a day brighter than India has ever seen before, and not less productive for England. Is it an exaggeration to believe in the new

birth of the Indian mind under a government wholly employed in beneficence; in the addition to European intelligence of the awakened intellectual vigour of millions of the keenest minds on earth; in the addition to the comforts, enjoyments, and even to the splendours of the human race, by throwing open, discovering, and using the powers of nature in a vast country teeming with all the treasures of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms; in the renewal of the sciences in a region to which we owe astronomy, numbers, the deepest disquisitions into mind, and the original forms of society; or in the new stimulants to invention among a people to whom we alike owe the loom, the silk, the working of gems, the original painting and sculpture, the first architecture, the first music, and perhaps the first literature?

Those can be but conjectures, hopes, anticipations; but they have a groundwork of reality; they are visions of glory, but, if pictured only on clouds, they shew that the sun is behind; they may be but sounds wandering on the wind, but they are the first sounds of a trumpet inspired by the truth of more than human passions, and proclaiming a mighty advance of happiness, power, and virtue to human kind.

"Content," says this most important proclamation, "with the limits which nature appears to have assigned to its empire, the Government of India will devote all its efforts to the establishment and maintenance of general peace, to the protection of the sovereigns and chiefs its allies, and to the prosperity and happiness of its own faithful subjects." To this succeeds the strong and true answer to all the false and childish policy by which the fears of England were fixed upon Russian and Persian invasions, the absurd exaggerations of coxcomb officials:

"The combined army of England and India, superior in equipment, in discipline, in valour, and in the officers by whom it is commanded, to any force which can be brought against it in Asia, will stand in

unassailable strength upon *its own soil*; and for ever, under the blessing of Providence, preserve the glorious empire it has won, in security and honour."

Whatever may be the ultimate detail of this war, those principles at least have been published to the world. So far a great step has been made; the British Government has given its public allegiance to a system of peace, of restricted power, and of national beneficence, new in the history of nations. We have here, for the first time, a solemn acknowledgement of a great conquering nation, that it desires to conquer no more, that we have no object to obtain by war, that we are satisfied with our limits, and that, while neighbouring sovereigns have nothing to dread from our ambition, our

subjects have everything to hope from our beneficence. We are, in fact, establishing in India, by the act of Government, what has been established in England by the act of Providence. Nature, by surrounding the British isles with the ocean, has precluded continental conquests; and has thus at once relieved us from continental jealousy, and enabled us to turn our powers to the improvement of our own guarded dominion. By fixing a perpetual boundary to our Indian empire we shall produce the same results, and at once be relieved from the jealousies of foreign powers, and be qualified to direct our whole strength to the civilisation of the vast and glorious empire which Providence has given to our hands.

PEACE WITH CHINA.

It is a striking and even a gratifying circumstance in the late victories, that they have been divided between the two great branches of service with almost an honourable equality. In India, the trophies belonged exclusively to the soldier. In China, the fleet was the great arm; for, though the soldier was largely and effectually employed, the campaign, in its especial sense, was naval. The consequences, too, are equally characteristic: for, if the Indian victories are to reap anything, it will be territory; while, if the Chinese successes are to be substantiated, it will be in the shape of an extended commerce and navigation.

The time is still distant when we shall be able to decide on the solid benefits of either. But we are rejoiced that peace is made, and that now the energies of our people will be fixed upon gentler purposes, and even nobler than those of destruction.

We are strongly inclined to regard the terms of the Chinese treaty as opening a prospect, beyond all comparison, the most important since our first intercourse with the East. The iron barrier which at once shut out the civilised world from China and China from the civilised world, is burst through. Five great ports conceded as the seats of trade must lead commerce into the very heart of the mighty empire. An island conceded to the British as a settlement, which gives them a secure depôt for their goods, and which they will probably make a second Gibraltar, forms a pledge of connexion which neither jealousy can narrow nor tyranny can

dissolve. The vast extent of the Chinese empire thus unbarred to British enterprise; the multitudes of her people whose wants will be supplied, whose wishes will be excited, and whose faculties will be awakened; the buried resources of the greatest kingdom in the world suddenly brought to light; the impulse given to the wealth, industry, and enjoyment of three hundred millions of our fellowmen, nearly a third of the whole inhabitants of the earth, all rising together in one view, absolutely overwhelm the strongest foresight of the national prosperity. It is to be remembered that the steamboat, the most effective of all inventions at once for securing dominion and for urging mercantile adventure, is now becoming the property of all nations; and that, as it has been the great instrument of her warlike achievement, it is now equally ready to carry forward the eager and animated commerce of England. By this powerful invention, all the rivers and canals of China must be penetrated, and a new life diffused to the extremities of her almost boundless territory.

Nor do we exult selfishly in these views. China opened to the English is opened to all mankind. All Europe, and every other region which has the vigour to take advantage of the opportunity, or the skill to produce the means of human enjoyment, will have the highway as broadly thrown open to their enterprise as to our own. Last, and not least, we are rejoiced that the war is at an end simply for the sake of humanity. Having no love for war in any shape, the Chinese

defeats gave us no sense of public congratulation; they were melancholy sacrifices of life, while our own cause never satisfied our sense of justice. It was a war forced upon us by the shallow insolence and negligent impolicy of the feeblest Cabinet that ever burlesqued the name of public council. Its conduct of the struggle was as empty, shifting, and disastrous, as its conception of our interests was meagre and obscure. Two years had been wasted in ineffectual attempts to carry on hostilities without energy or

direction, and to establish negotiations without purpose or power. Ten years might have been wasted in the same hazardous frivolity. But, happily for England, and for China too, other councils were at length brought into action, and by a well-timed vigour the Eastern World has been restored to peace, and England, and with her Europe, is summoned to a new career, more glorious because more humane, more intellectual, and more beneficent than the most splendid triumphs of the sword.

DEATH OF LORD HILL.

As in our other columns will be found a memoir of this distinguished officer, we shall now merely refer to his character. Lord Hill remarkably shewed what may be done in the most difficult, effective, and conspicuous of all professions by faculties so simple as common sense, manliness, and subordination. In this language we have not the slightest idea of lowering his claims to national gratitude, nor even to public admiration; but when it is seen that by such faculties he rose to eminent military distinction; that he never suffered a reverse in the field when conducting an independent command; that he obtained the highest rank of civil life, the peerage, and added to the peerage the highest rank of military office when his country no longer required his services in the field, the command of the army at home; we think that we are offering to his memory a tribute not less important than it is a high encouragement to the British officer to cultivate similar qualities in the prospect of deserving similar distinction.

But Lord Hill's quiet manner concealed a lion heart; and it is remarkable that the two most dashing enterprises of the war—the assault of the bridge of Almaraz, and the surprise of Girard's division; and

the most anxious and perilous movement of all the marches of the British troops, the retreat from Madrid with Soult at his heels—were accomplished by this unostentatious, but most intelligent and gallant, commander. Whether we regard its course or its end, the life of Lord Hill was a most enviable one—spent in a profession which he had adopted, and which he loved—in services of the most successful order—in campaigns each of which forms a chapter in the history of Europe—in the most brilliant victories of a time which outshone all the past, and whose lustre will probably never be thrown into the shade—respected, esteemed, and honoured—he reached that ripe period of life when man naturally begins to feel that the world has but little more of either enjoyment or occupation for him. By a singular good fortune for one whose life had been spent in the midst of hourly peril, he had suffered nothing by the casualties of the field. By, perhaps, the still more singular good fortune in a public man, he had retired from office in time to rest among his friends before he was summoned to bid even those friends farewell. He died in his own halls, and gave all of him that was mortal to the tomb of his fathers.

PUBLIC MONUMENTS TO LORD DE SAUMAREZ, LORD EXMOUTH, AND SIR SYDNEY SMITH.—The talents and services of the three admirals offered a striking contrast in their spirit and their objects—but they were all admirable. Lord De Saumarez was a man of remarkable personal sagacity, tactical skill, and high conduct. His action off Gibraltar, in which, after a partial failure, merely through the elements, he repaired his fleet with matchless celerity, and attacked and defeated the

combined French and Spanish squadrons, was one of the most gallant instances of fitness for command exhibited in the war. Lord Exmouth's whole career was a succession of daring exploits, carried on under every difficulty, and finished by the boldest achievement of a British fleet in the attack of fortifications during the whole war—the cannonade of Algiers. The career of Sir Sydney Smith was of a distinct class. Though he never possessed a command on any large scale until the

close of his career, when he was sent to the Brazils, such was the natural enterprise of his disposition, that he contrived to render all his commands conspicuous. He made his little sloop as memorable as a line-of-battle ship, and his single seventy-four as memorable as a fleet. His defence of Acre was the most brilliant isolated achievement of all the feats of skill and gallantry in a period abounding with energy; it was even more than the defence of an almost open town against a veteran army, commanded by the most extraordinary man of his age; it was the defeat of Napoleon's views on the East; and it was ultimately the capture of the French army, and the first real overthrow of the French military renown, in a war in which France had claimed, and almost merited, the title of invincible; it was the hinge of the war—the turning-point of all the great transactions of the era.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.—The misfortune is, that in England we have scarcely anything to cheer, or diversify, or colour the toilsome life of the people. We have no popular displays, no annual fêtes, no celebrations of our great victories, no commemorations of the great events of our history; and, except for an occasional ship launch, or some such dull and rather dangerous thing, we have no popular exhibition whatever. All the animation of our superb Court itself lies between Windsor and Buckingham Palace, and Buckingham Palace and Windsor. If even the troops are to be reviewed, it is in the Little Park or the Great Park—all must be in sight from St. George's Tower. We are perfectly satisfied that this is not the taste of Her Majesty, but of those advisers who cannot feel how important a rational popularity is even to thrones, and how closely it is connected with the rational amusements of the people. Let Elizabeth's history be glanced at, and it will be seen how frequent were the pomps and processions, the fêtes and festivals of the City, in the time of that magnificent woman and most memorable queen. Even her taking up her residence on the river's bank at Greenwich, and the real beauty, to say nothing of the implied spirit of her pageants on the Thames, shewed her conception of the true appeal to a great and naval nation. The royal barges coming up to Whitehall with their splendid attendance,—their brilliant court,—their men of imperishable name,—their

Raleighs, and Essexes, and Sydneys,—was an essentially regal display, and we only regret that such things are no more.

POLITICAL BRIBERY.—We have no hesitation in pronouncing bribery to be the greatest political crime, because it leads to all others. There is an instructive Eastern allegory, in which an assemblage of sages is represented as summoned to decide which is the greatest crime. After various opinions, on treason, blasphemy, and murder, one pronounced drunkenness to be the greatest crime. All were ready to dispute it; but he brought it to the test of fact:—A slave was made drunk, then let loose, and before night he had committed the whole three.

It is unnecessary to argue on the guilt of bribery. It is the purchase of a lie, against all sense of public honour and of personal conscience; it is the deliberate determination to commit perjury in form, if the bribery oath should be administered, which it may be at any moment; and to commit perjury in essence, if it should not: it is a betrayal of our duty to the country for the sake of lucre; and thus, so far as our means go, it is a sale of our country to the best bidder. In its most guiltless state, it is a base and dirty transaction which must be carried on in secret, and whose very act stamps the agent and the voter both as scoundrels by their own acknowledgment. In its guiltier state it may involve the highest interests of the country, and wrap all in one loathsome corruption. As bribery becomes more glaring and general, it must be met with stronger severities.

THE CHARACTER OF FRANCE.—France has great power, extensive resources within her; and, by her temperament and her position, the means of employing those resources on her neighbours with the most direct influence of any of the Continental Governments. In a general sense, a character may be traced in every distinct nation of Europe. The character of France is military. She has been, for the last thousand years, the most warlike nation of the world. With other nations war has been a necessity, with France an enjoyment. She may be said to have been the only nation which, during the last 300 years, has fought for conquest. Others have fought for defence, reparation, or security—France has always fed herself with the passion for aggrandisement

LETTERS FROM CHINA.

[A few passages are given from a Series of Letters, written by an Officer of the Chinese Fleet.—Their publication in *The Britannia* will shew that no exertion is spared to procure authentic information upon every topic of public interest.]

THE COUNTRY ROUND MACAO.—This afternoon Mr. — and myself landed abreast the encampment, and struck up a path leading over the side of one of the hills; we passed several houses, where we sat down, and chinchinned with the good folks; they were invariably civil in the extreme, running out with seats, tea, and pipes; we drank their tea, smoked their baccy, and played with their bairns, which delighted them not a little. I won the heart of one old lady for ever, by giving a bonny little girl she had in her arms my handkerchief, and tying it round her neck. The likeness between these people and the same class of Irish is very striking: one of the women, excepting her dress, might have walked through England, and no one would have remarked her to be anything but a poor sun-burnt Irishwoman.

They are very comfortable in their cottages, which are strong stone buildings, and invariably placed with a view to the picturesque; if there is a spot prettier than another, there you will find a farmhouse, with its cowhouse, and other appendages, while pigs and poultry, and half a dozen children of different sizes running about, form a picture most ridiculously like a small farmhouse in England.

We scrambled along over the first hill, and then down into a little valley; and *oh, such a one!* such a sweet, calm, lovely scene, I have not beheld for years. The change in so short a time from a noisy crowded ship to the delightful stillness of that scene was delicious; there was every thing requisite to make it perfect. High and almost perpendicular mountains rising abruptly from our feet, studded with overhanging rocks, a stream pouring down from the summit of the highest hill, and dashing rudely through the ravine, together with all the little *et cetera* of green trees, birds singing, etc. made a treat indeed. I sat down and dreamed away half an hour most deliciously. About two miles further inland was a very promising-looking village, which really I could not have distinguished from an English one. There was the street of cottages in the lower part, and on a slight elevation, among a cluster of trees, were two or three gentlemen's or mandarins' establishments.

We were roused from our trance by the distant roll of the drums and increasing darkness. We bade adieu to the lovely scene before us, and after rather a rough descent, at last found ourselves on the sea sand, where our cutter was waiting for us.

BURIAL OF AN OFFICER.—When an officer is sent on shore to be buried, it is customary for every ship to send a boat to follow the body; and a very imposing effect it has. I went the other day to the funeral of the skipper of the *Rattlesnake*; there was a train of twenty or twenty-five boats, headed by the flag-ship's launch, with the band of the 18th Royal Irish. We started from the ship in the afternoon, and pulled slowly towards the place where the grave was dug; about three miles. The beautifully impressive music from the band, the slow and measured splash of the oars, the bells of each ship tolling as we passed, every colour lowered half down, altogether made a very solemn procession. The grave was made on the extreme point of the foot of one of the mountains of which Hong Kong is composed, about 100 feet above the sea. We found the corpse of an officer of marines there before us. The coffins were placed close together; the chaplain stood between them; one service did for both; they were lowered into their last home, the cocked hat and sword lying on the lid; the prayers were finished; a few shovelfuls of earth rattled on them; the parson shut his book; the deadly silence which had throughout been maintained, was broken by "Into your boats, men;" and in two seconds 200 men were jumping down the rocks, tripping one another up, laughing and shouting as though they had been to a wedding. The flags were hoisted close up; the band struck up, "Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue," and every boat dashed away, trying to be first off to her ship. There was one exception, however, to the multitude in this instance—one heart too full of grief to hide its sorrow.

I was half walking, half trotting, down the steep hill from the grave, cogitating on the scene I had just witnessed, and admiring the one that lay before me, and thinking how very soon I might be put there myself, when I heard a half-stifled sob behind me. There was no sham in that, thought I; that came from the safety-valve of a heart, like steam from a boiler strained to bursting. I turned round and saw a young lad, some seventeen or eighteen years old, in that beautiful man-of-war's man's dress for hot weather. The ribbon on his hat told me he belonged to the *Rattlesnake*, and very likely some protégé of the captain, who had brought him from his home, and who now left him to fight his own way through the world without a friend to lean upon.

ANATOMY OF PARLIAMENT.

[Personal and Critical Sketches of celebrated Political Characters appear in THE BRITANNIA from time to time. The subjoined Extracts will afford some idea of the style and spirit of those articles]:—

EARL SPENCER, AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—The term “blundering” is most inadequate to describe the peculiar shambling, slipshod, stumbling pace of Lord Althorp’s ideas. Mr. Spring Rice blundered, because he had not the skill to unwind his own intentional tortuosities. Mr. Baring blundered, but his blundering was more in manner than in his conceptions. Joseph Hume blundered, but his blundering arose more from the stupid conceit with which he adhered to, and attempted to reconcile, his own errors. But Lord Althorp’s blundering differed from all these, and from any blundering I ever heard. He evidently had no reservations, but meant to be straightforward and clear. Yet it was almost impossible to understand him even in a speech on a general political question, much more when developing a budget. His mistakes were of all kinds—mistakes of figures, rendered still more confused when the attempt was made to rectify them—mistakes of principles, and deductions from them of conclusions the very reverse of what the mind had shaped out, the wrong one being taken accidentally only in the extreme distress of trepidation—and, above all, mistakes in delivery, endless repetitions, contradictions, retractions, corrections, coming at last to an unintelligible maze of confusion, out of which the hearer was left to make out his own view of what the worthy Chancellor intended to say, with but one solitary light or clue to guide him; that is, his absolute conviction that, whatever the words might be, the speaker *meant* nothing but what was strictly straightforward, honest, and clear. The greater part of the members took the statement upon trust, as it were, and waited until some member practised in finance, and accustomed to the innocent tortuosities and mystifications of Lord Althorp, had unravelled the tangled thread.

THE LORD MAYOR.—Not for many a year has the civic chair been filled by any one so calculated by nature to do it honour as is its present occupant. Mr. Humphrey is the very beau ideal of a civic functionary. A more full-blown specimen of the *genus* alderman has, perhaps, never been seen. It is not in size alone or portliness of paunch that his qualification consists. Any man may grow fat—after he became an alderman—nay, even a common councilman is in danger of neutralizing the activity required to distinguish him in his ward, so multifarious and seductive are the temptations to increased vegetation which assail him on all sides. Mr. Humphrey has unquestionably availed

himself with a praiseworthy freedom of all these mundane delights, but his spirit has not thereby, as in other aldermen, become corporeal. There is a liveliness and buoyancy about him which not even turtle could extinguish. Tall and erect in carriage, his body, though stout, is well proportioned. Surmounting and adorning this very manly person is a broad open countenance, fair and slightly florid in complexion, which is almost always lit up by a smile of real unaffected good-nature. This happy mobility of mouth is seconded by a language equally good natured from a pair of laughing blue eyes. The whole face is of the sunflower order, but relieved from coarseness or vulgarity by the expression of light heartedness and benevolent feeling which pervades it. During the year, justice will sit at the Mansion-house shorn of her terrors. There will be a smile of mingled pity and fun lurking in the corners of her mouth, compressed in vain; and ever and anon she will lapse into a wink. Perchance, should she sit late, she may enlarge the sphere of her benevolence by the stimulus of a bottle of claret.

SIR T. WILDE AND SIR W. FOLLETT.—In addressing a jury, Sir Thomas Wilde is admitted to possess great powers; an adverse criticism here would be quashed at once by a reference to the multitude of his briefs. Yet parallel objections might be made here also; added to which, from the want of anything like adequate competition in the Court of Common Pleas, he has grown to be somewhat too dictatorial in style—to seek unconsciously his influence over a jury rather in violent asseveration and overwhelming vehemence than in persuasive eloquence or undeniable exposition of facts. How different is the influence of Sir William Follett! Clear and consecutive as is the other, quick and subtle in the knowledge of what to present and what to withhold, he quite assures a jury of his common sense and practical experience, inducing thereby a feeling of security, which lulls suspicion; but this is at the same time accompanied by such a dignity of bearing, such a severe and elevated moral tone, such persuasive manners, and withal such well-chosen language and sentiments, as to lead them insensibly to repose a confidence in the man, forgetting that he is a paid advocate, and extend to his integrity that conviction which his facts and his arguments have forced them to yield to his judgment. It is in this moral elevation that consists the superiority of Sir William Follett to Sir Thomas Wilde as an advocate at the bar.

FINE ARTS.

PICTURES OF REUBENS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—With what skill Reubens brought his art to bear on his political negotiations, there is sufficient evidence in his picture of "Peace and War," now in the National Gallery, No. 46. The object which he had been commissioned to accomplish in his visit to England was the establishment of peace. He painted and presented this picture to the king, during his residence here, and the subject he selected illustrates the blessings of a pacific policy in contrast with the miseries of war. Could any argument have been better timed, any gift more gracefully presented? Courtesy is said to cost but little; but when courtesy assumes a shape like this, it really excites one's astonishment. Here is a picture, vast in its general comprehension, complicated and elaborate in its details; and which most other artists would have spent months, nay perhaps years, in executing. But Rubens throws it in as a mere subsidiary argument, as a compliment *en passant*, just as an artist nowadays makes a drawing in a lady's album, and really attaching, apparently, no more importance to it. In the same spirit, having stipulated for an altar-piece with the superiors of a church at Amsterdam, instead of one picture he sends them three. Whatever addition be given to other painters, Rubens is justly entitled to the epithet of magnificent! In the midst of this profuse generosity he grew immensely rich.

In those days, art assumed an exalted aspect by its connexion with church and state. In what manner it was mingled up with political agency, we have just seen. In Rubens's picture of "St. Bavon," also in the Gallery, No. 57, she appears with equal dignity in the service of the church. These, indeed, were the triumphs which the church delighted to celebrate. St. Bavon, descending at once from the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," is seen ascending the steps of the monastery in which he had determined to close his mortal career. Behind him is a retinue of richly caparisoned horsemen, glittering in that splendour which their master is on the point of abjuring. The lordly abbot, a fine impersonation of dignity and benevolence, advances from the portal of the church to receive the new votary. A princess and her train attend to witness the train from a splendid balcony, attesting by their gestures and expression the devotional sympathy with which it has inspired them. These are images of pomp, beauty, and grandeur; but the picturesque effect is heightened by a group of beggars, congre-

gated before the church steps, in various attitudes of supplication. This picture is, we think, one of Rubens's finest compositions. In the great quality of composition, Rubens has no superior but Raffaele, and even in him the superiority is rather in kind than in degree. Raffaele has more purity; but in luxuriant invention, harmony of lines, and the power of telling his story, Rubens suffers nothing by the comparison.

THE PRACTICE OF COPYING.—It is observed by Reynolds, that in the process of copying, which is merely mechanical, while the hand is at work the mind sleeps, and the faculties of selection and combination, of comparison and adjustment, which make up the mind of an artist, "grow torpid, and lose their power for want of exercise." The right mode of studying works of art consists of an investigation of the principles on which they have been executed, not in mere imitation of their surface. Michael Angelo, in his youth, found a mutilated Greek statue; he did not copy the fragment, but restored what was wanting. This example should be borne in mind by all students who are yet forming their style. Whatever be the object aimed at, the composition of Raffaele, the colouring of Titian, or any other excellence, the only way to approach the spirit of those masters is to attempt similar but original works.

PORTRAITS BY REYNOLDS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The National Gallery has one important addition—the whole-length portrait of Sir W. Hamilton. The portraits of Reynolds are so purely historical in style that they are universally, and with great justice, ranked among that class of productions. This mode of treating portraits was his own creation; none of his distinguished predecessors, not even Titian and Vandyke, seem to have thought it possible to give to that branch of art the picturesque variety introduced by Reynolds. Sir William Hamilton sits in his study, his attention entirely engrossed by the objects of taste which surround him. The whole effect, is large, grand, and noble; and the accompaniments, vases, urns, and different objects of *vertu*, are arranged with infinite taste and judgment, adding richness and splendour to the composition, but kept, at the same time, in the most exact subordination. In the extreme distance is seen Vesuvius, indicated by the volume of smoke rising from the crater. Everything, in fact, is characteristic, whether in relation to the individual, his tastes, or his official residence.

REVIEWS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GEORGE III. AT CHELTENHAM. — The king's health was observed at this time (1788) to be failing him, and it was hoped that change of air and scene might be attended with the best advantage. In turning over the journals of that day, we observed a few anecdotes slight enough in themselves, yet pleasingly illustrative of the monarch's character, and of the pleasure with which he threw of the cares of state when he could do so with propriety. The king and queen took very few attendants, and maintained no kind of state. Still, when they went about, the people thronged round them, and the queen expressed some regret that they could not be more retired. "Never mind, ma'am," said the king, "for the first week we will walk about to please these good folks, and afterwards to please ourselves." "When," said a nobleman to him, "does your Majesty intend to hold a levee?" "Every morning at half-past-six in the pump-room," briskly returned the monarch. On one occasion, when riding to Tewkesbury, he observed that the country people crowded the parapet of a bridge he had to cross in his way, and that others were endeavouring to gain a like favourable station. Struck with alarm at their danger, he stopped, and good-naturedly exclaimed, "My good people, if you will oblige me by coming off that bridge, I promise you to ride as slow as you please, that everybody may see me." Walking early, in the plainest dress, down the High-street at Cheltenham, he was highly diverted by seeing a feeble old woman fulfil the office of crier. He heard her patiently through the whole of her odd cries with great though suppressed delight; but when, in a quavering voice, she finally rang her bell, and with extra vigour exclaimed, "God save the king," he was quite overcome by the ludicrousness of the situation, and shouted forth, as well as his merriment would allow him, "And hang the crier!" The astonishment of the town functionary was changed to delight when the king put a guinea into her hand, as he walked quickly away.

DESCRIPTION OF CAUBUL. — To form a just idea of Caubul we must, it seems, dismiss from our minds all the gorgeous conceptions with which the mention of a city of the East seldom fails to impress us. Caubul is little more than a collection of mud hovels; the streets are without beauty, the finest of them not being twelve feet in width; the shops are nothing more than open stalls; the houses even of the most considerable persons

are mean, dirty, close, and inconvenient; while regulations for public comfort and cleanliness are so little understood, that a most abominable odour proceeds from the roof and yard of each dwelling, and a stream of black filth runs down the centre of each street. Whoever seizes Caubul finds fruit, timber, and mud, and little else. There is no store of rich merchandise to render its citizens cautious of resorting to extreme measures, or of drawing on themselves the vengeance of an enemy; no silks, no stuffs, no manufactures of any kind; none of that "barbaric pearl and gold" which are found, in a greater or less degree, among all the nations of Hindostan. The Affghans have little to lose but the fruits of the earth, and, as a large portion of the people lead a wandering and predatory life, they are ready for war at any moment when plunder tempts them; or for peace, when solicited by bribes, or awed by the presence of an imposing force.

GIFT-BOOKS. — THE ANNUALS. — Gifts, however trifling, add to the general stock of harmless pleasures, by quickening the affections, and nourishing the growth of those sympathies which bind us to each other. They are eloquent in their silence, and speak most unpretendingly of love, friendship, and kind remembrance. The affection is poor which can be told, and so the youngest of Lear's daughters felt when she resolved "to love and be silent;" but it will, nevertheless, find ways of indicating its presence, as a violet reveals itself by its perfume. When it speaks to us by gifts they should be welcome, for they are the sunshine of a loving heart, and like sunshine, should be received as heavenly visitants, bringing with them warmth and gladness. The great error in the production of recent Annuals has been, that more care and expense have been lavished upon their ornament than their material. The plates and bindings are beautiful, but their literary contents almost worthless. This error seems a common one. Thousands are lavished upon the production of a spectacle at a theatre, while dramatists remain without encouragement; and to exhibit a magnificent shop-front the dealer sells bad goods at a high price. This policy will never answer in the long run. We do not relish offal any the more for its being served on a silver dish, nor will poor composition be rendered tolerable by a gorgeous binding. The body is more than raiment, and what, after all, are the adornments of a book but its dress?

PILGRIMAGES IN LONDON.

[Under this title a number of articles have appeared in *THE BRITANNIA*, illustrative of the localities in London and its neighbourhood, which are connected with the histories of celebrated individuals. These papers are continued from time to time, as space for their insertion can be spared.]

POPE'S VILLA AT TWICKENHAM.—Passing by Hyde Park Corner a few days ago, I suddenly remembered that Pope went to school on that very spot. It is curious how unexpectedly a suggestive little fact of this kind sometimes comes upon us, and what discursive ruminations it leads to. Pope and Hyde Park Corner! Little Pope, with his long, sickly, melancholy, but most sensitive face, peering from behind the blinds of a sedan-chair, in the midst of a riotous aristocracy whizzing through the air on blood-horses, under the windows of Apsley House! Yet the association is not so unnatural after all. Pope was a great lover of the aristocracy. He would have been a lord if he could, and he tried hard to make the world believe that he ought to have been one. Pope would have played off the accomplishments of a lord with inimitable finesse and exquisite precision; he would have enacted the Rape of the Lock to the life; his lordly banter would have been keen, refined, and merciless in the highest degree; and even Villiers or Shaftesbury might have envied him his brilliant powers of sarcasm. But, with all his genteel aspirations, backed up by a sarcastic genius unparalleled for subtlety and contemptuous levity of heart, he could not evade the fact that his father was a linendraper.

Pausing thoughtfully upon the causeway opposite to Hyde Park Gate, a thousand fantastical images came into my head. I speedily conjured up Pope in his boyhood, on this very ground, a sullen urchin, marked with an irrepressible malicious gravity, which would break out every now and then in a scathing couplet, or a bit of scurrilous dog-grel, that would set everybody about him by the ears, and in a single minute make him half a dozen enemies for life. Dr. Johnson, speaking of his precocity, observes, more gracefully than truly, that it might be said of Pope as it was of Pindar, that when he lay in his cradle "the bees swarmed about his mouth." Had he substituted wasps for bees, the figure would have been rather more accurate. The earliest swarm that is known to have settled on him produced a piece of scandalous verse on his schoolmaster, for which he was sentenced to a flogging. His hive, instead of being rich in honey, was filled with gall; and it is worthy of note, that the first thing he wrote was a lampoon, and the last thing he uttered was a witticism. A few hours before his death, his physician, out of a desire, perhaps, to ussuage the pain of thinking about death, assured him that his pulse was good, and that there were

also other favourable symptoms. "Ah!" exclaimed Pope, "here am I dying of a hundred good symptoms!"

* * * * *

Taking into consideration their relative positions, Pope had no right to make love to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Nor can the freedom of access and expression she permitted to him be fairly urged as an excuse. It was an age of conventional levity, full of the affectation of passion, without sincerity or even emotion. Women admitted approaches with impunity, which in a later age would have been regarded as indecorous. Some of the most distinguished poets of the time hung upon women of fashion, without embarrassing them by any serious proofs of attachment. Pope ought to have better understood the mock-heroic characteristics of the age, than to have made proposals to Lady Mary. It was all very well upon paper, but when it came to downright speech one can readily comprehend how the cold-hearted beauty, the icy wit, who had just published some pastorals with as little nature in them as if they had been written by Pope himself, must have laughed in his face! And that laugh, ringing with cruel mirth, and the malice of an exhausted vanity, that had now nothing more to expect from the baffled flatterer at her feet, that laugh will haunt the memory of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu throughout all time; it was the most heartless incident of her life, and when we think of it even now, it seems to scream in our ears from her grave.

With all his little drawbacks and checks of every kind, Pope stands out vividly in English poetry at the head of his class. I never open his poems without having fresh occasion to admire the singular felicity of his diction, the refined edge of his sarcasm, the terseness of his style, and the elegant skill with which he immolates his victims. What amazing intellectual energy there was in his tiny feeble body! The waterman, who used to lift him into his boat, stated that he wore stays to sustain himself in sitting up. He used to get into a boat, and sit in a sedan chair in the centre, with the blinds down, and in that way take an airing on the river, or pay a visit to some of the ladies of honour at Hampton Court, or cross over for a ramble in the green lanes of Ham. This recollection occurred to me as the evening was rapidly descending, and I almost fancied I could see the dreamy skiff floating down the stream with the smallest sedan in the world in it, and the tiniest curtains drawn across the windows. It was like one of the

feathery passages in the "Rape of the Lock." But the advance of night disturbed my reverie, and turning a final look upon the grounds where Pope breathed his last, I hastened from the scene, which I shall probably never be tempted to visit again. The charm is at an end for ever!

SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE, FULHAM, THE RESIDENCE OF NELL GWYNNE.—How loathsome was the King's subjection to the abandoned vixen, my Lady Castlemaine! and yet how powerful must her beauty have been! Methinks I see her now, stepping out of her carriage at Bartholomew-fair, whither she had gone to view the rare puppet-show of Patient Grizzle, hissed when recognised by the honest mob; yet upon turning the power of her radiant and beautiful face towards them, they exchanged their gibes and curses for admiration and blessings. The negative reputation of the Duchess of Richmond can be read in Lely's exquisite picture—so soft, so child-like, so calm, and yet so lovely! The pride and avarice of the Duchess of Portsmouth, in whose arms the king breathed his last breath, became a perpetual tax to Charles, and a disgrace to the nation; and yet, dying in her arms did not prevent the distressed heart of the monarch from giving utterance to the wish, "Do not let poor Nelly starve."

I wonder did Nell ever meet with the pure and high-souled Countess de Grammont, or the elevated Lady Ossory. I wonder how they, at the Court, but not of it, would have treated her; they must have passed her in public, and noted her dimple cheeks and small, bright, laughing eyes; from them she could have met no offence, for women of high virtue are merciful—women who affect it are not. I can fancy her lingering silver laugh passing along these damp deep walls. I can fancy her leading from that window, conversing with and rallying her royal lover, who stands beneath amid the flowers once so bright and abundant, where only weeds and stinging thistles are to be seen this winter time. As for him, wisdom came not with years; "consideration" never whipped the offending Adam out of him—in his character there was no "nettle," but there was no "strawberry."

What does he reply to her merrie rallying? He leans his white and jewelled hand upon his hip, and with a fated smile, listens to her mingled love and reproof. She talks of the old soldiers, and wonders why the builders pause in the erection of the hospital for lack of cash, when certain ladies sport new diamonds, and glitter in fair coaches; and he tells her he will take her, if she likes, from where she is, and give her the palace by the water-side, in exchange for her sweetest words and sweeter smiles. She will none of this, but answers she would rather content her in the humblest house in

his dominions, so that the soldiers who sought his battles should be gloriously lodged in their old age.

He repeats her the last bit of Sedley, and diverts her with news of a new play, for well he knows those who once lived by the buskin love the buskin still; and she listens and is pleased, but returns to her first theme; and, provoked at last by an indifference she cannot understand, she becomes bitter, and then Charles laughs at "little pig-eyed Nelly." "Ah, Nell, Nell!" he says, stroking, at the same time, the fair tresses that grace the head of a pretty boy, "you are like the fruit that will come of yonder trees; a rough and bitter outside, but a sweet and pleasant soul within." And then Nell—

"If you please, Sir," bawled the servant, "don't you feel it very cold? I had better shut the window, unless you'd like to look out from it to where the pond is that Madam Helen's mother was drowned in."

TOMB OF JOHN STOW, ST. ANDREW'S UNDERSHAFT.—His intense love of the city makes old John Stow an enthusiast in all that concerns it; each drop of the Thames glitters like a diamond in his eyes, and every pebble is a jewel; and yet, much as he honoured relics of all kinds, he honoured them only as types of greater things—as data to go from, as texts to preach upon. As I have said, the beauty of his character was truth, and in truth only was his strength; it was the care of his life to think, to act, to speak, to gather truth. He was neither an abstract historian, dealing only with principal events, nor was he a hunter after mere dust and ashes, bits and scraps; but a COMBINER, being himself the rare combination of an historian and an antiquary; minute in all small things that tended to the illustration of great things, and knowing that the universe is made up of atoms, deeming no atom of that universe beneath his notice. Every little detail of the Christmas and Easter pageants is given in his survey, with a zest of enjoyment at innocent pastimes, and the few words of introduction to his description of the May games, is redolent of the perfume of the hawthorn and wood violet. No cold, dry, clipping antiquary, not even Jonathan Oldbuck, could write thus:—"In the month of May, namely, on May-day, in the morning, every man (except impediment) would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds—praising God in their kind!"

All through the history I note the same holy feeling, not thrust in, but the spontaneous growth of the good man's mind, even as fair flowers spring up amid the ruins of old Rome; for instance in the chapter concerning the sports and exercises, I have delighted myself with picturing the bonfires

according to his description. "The wealthier sort, at Midsummer, setting out tables before their doors, illumed by the blaze of those sacred fires, and upon the tables placing stores of sweet bread and good drink, whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also to sit and be merry with them, in great familiarity, *praising God for his benefits bestowed on them.* These were called *bonfires*, as well as good amity amongst neighbours, that, being before at controversy, were there, by the labour of others, reconciled, *and made of bitter enemies loving friends.*" Not, I fear me, the work of a moment, to be done as quickly as good Master Stow seems to believe, though I love him all the better for believing it. Such freedom of trust is sure evidence of a foolish or a most noble mind; and of a truth, there was no folly in JOHN STOW.

DEATH OF SIR RICHARD LOVELACE, IN SHOE LANE.—Disappointed in his love, and anguished past endurance by the murder of his royal master, Charles the First, the gallant and high-souled poet found himself at liberty, after a second imprisonment, without any residue of the fortune he had bestowed with too liberal a hand upon those who needed. His monarch and his mistress, the continued and frequently-associated themes of his muse, both lost to him, he bowed his head to the dispensations of Providence, and prepared for death as for the friend

"Who only could restore
The libertie he must enjoy on earth no more."

No longer dressed as became his rank, the nodding feather fell away from the velvet hat, the satin dropped from the slashed sleeve, the threadbare hose became a world too large for the shrunk limb; and so Sir Richard Lovelace pined and died, in a miserable room in Shoe-lane, adding another to the list of unfortunate poets; another of those who, endowed by nature with the richest and brightest of all earthly gifts, seem fated to an inheritance of misery! Were there none to alleviate the sorrows of his last hours? None to wipe the death-dews from his fair and noble brow? None who, for the love of honour, for the sake of royalty—in memory of what he had been to all who needed—so unselfishly generous, so unsparingly liberal—was there not *one*, even, who had chorused his songs, and been warmed in the brightness of his glorious days, to sit by that lowly death-bed, and whisper the assurance that he was only passing through the dark valley to enter upon an immortality where sorrow and sighing should be no more, and where loyalty is

perfected in homage to the Almighty? There might have been—there *must* have been!—though of such there is no earthly record. But *it* would be an insult to human nature to suppose he died alone—alone in that room that echoed back the dreadful cough which told of the wasting disease that terminated the earthly career of as gallant and true a gentleman as ever wielded sword or pen.

DEATH OF BUTLER, IN ROSE STREET.—It is not an unusual thing for a poet to die of want. Indeed the tendency of poetry towards starvation-point has passed into a vulgar proverb. But it is an unusual thing for great poets, who have rendered signal services to the throne and the country, to perish in destitution; and, above all, in such a locality as Rose-street, Covent garden. I know not whether it was then such a sink of iniquity as it is now; and I have in vain endeavoured to discover. There is nothing whatever recorded its history, and it is extremely unlikely that it should ever have been noticed at all, but for the fact that Butler died here in obscurity and distress. It may be presumed, however, that even in Butler's time it must have been a place of the very lowest resort, or he would not have procured a shelter in it; for he was certainly reduced to the last extremity when he lived, or, more accurately speaking, starved, here. It is not known in which of the houses he resided, if, indeed, it is yet amongst them, for it may be reasonably conjectured that most of them have been re-built, or, at least, materially altered, since 1680: perhaps the present houses may have been wholly erected in the interval. All my speculations, therefore, upon that point, were idle; yet I lingered on the spot, fascinated by rearing reflections upon the fate of him who perished from open neglect in that most uncongenial region. My spirit was humiliated by the contemplation; yet, even in the worst aspects of adversity, there are always some sources of consolation, however remote and inadequate. The poet who was the most triumphant satirist of the Commonwealth, and who was allowed to die of want by the Royalists, has acquired an imperishable fame, which will last as long as his language. Posterity has done him justice as far as it could. It could not avert the bitter struggle with hunger, the sense of desertion, the breaking down of the energies, and the final annihilation of hope; but, approaching his grave with a profound feeling of reverence, it has heaped from year to year increasing laurels on his tomb.

LIST OF AGENTS.

- Abergavenny...D. Edwards, Brynmawr.
 Abingdon.....Parsons, News Rooms.
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 Atherstone...W. C. Holland.
 Aylesbury.....W. Husband, P. M.
 Banbury.....J. G. Rusher.
 Barnstable.....Brightwell and Sons.
 Bath.....Miss Williams, Milsom-street.
 Beccles.....J. Crickmay.
 Birmingham...Cooper, Union-st.; Mansell, do.
 Blandford.....Shipp.
 Boston.....J. Noble.
 Brighton.....Grant, 5, Castle-square.
 Bristol.....Virrier & Hayward, 6, High-st.
 Brixton-road...Hube, Holland-street.
 Brompton.....Mrs. Bingham, Broad-street.
 Burnley.....Lupton and Dewhurst.
 Cambridge...W. H. Smith, Rose Crescent.
 Canterbury...William Davey, Westgate.
 Carlisle.....Graham, P. O.
 Chelsea.....Tichener, Riley-street.
 Cheltenham...William Henley, High-street;
 J. Carr, Fisher-ct.; O. Maillard, Pitville-st.
 Chester-le-St. William Cuthbertson, P. M.
 Chichester.....E. Churcher.
 Cloanell.....Edw. Fitz-Henry, 4, Main-st.
 Collumpton...Thomas Mitchell, P. M.
 Coventry.....Horsfall.
 Cork.....Bradford and Co.
 Croydon.....Durban, High-street.
 Deal.....Thomas V. Cavill, Griffin-st.
 Deptford.....Parrih, Painter.
 Derby.....Roberts; Wilkins and Son;
 Rowbottom.
 Dewsbury.....P. Fletcher, P. M.
 Dover.....Houghton, 45, Snargate-street;
 Norwood, P. O.
 Droitwich.....R. Allen, P. M.
 Dublin.....Johnston & Sons, Eden Quay.
 Eastbourne...G. Cook.
 Edinburgh...Harhill and Sons, Waterloo
 News Rooms; Grant & Son, Princes-st.
 Enfield.....Barrow, Bookseller.
 Exeter.....W. T. Roberts.
 Frome.....J. Jones.
 Fulham.....Bankes, near the Bridge.
 Gainsboro.....B. S. Hall.
 Glasgow.....Smith and Sons.
 Glastonbury...E. F. Hewitt.
 Gloucester...Needham.
 Godstone.....Thomas Rose, P. M.
 Greenwich...Miss Allen.
 Grimsby.....W. Skelton.
 Guildfold.....Russell.
 Hampstead...Lindsey.
 Hemel Hempstead, J. F. Gurton.
 Helstone.....J. Hawke.
 Highgate and Holloway, T. Keevil, 4, North-
 ampton-row.
 Hitchen.....C. Paternester.
 Horsham.....C. Hunt, Reading-Room.
 Hull.....J. Wilson, 6, Myton-place.
 Ipswich.....Root, Cornhill.
 Kendal.....Mrs. Fenton, P. O.
 Kingston-on-Thames, Pavey.
 Kingsland-rd., Gamille, near the Turnpike.
 Leeds.....Baines and Newsome; Mann.
 Leominster...J. V. Chilcott.
 Limerick.....Geo. McKern.
 Lincoln.....Brooke.
 Liverpool.....Arnold & Sons; Aylward;
 Wilmer & Smith.
 Lymington...R. Galpine.
 Lynn.....Garland.
 Manchester...Wheeler, J., Exchange-place;
 Lewis, Market-street; H. Andrews, P. O.
 Margate.....Martin Miles, Steam Packet
 Office.
 Monmouth...W. A. Cossens.
 Newcastle...Horn.
 Newport.....Wm. Brittain.
 Newport Pagnell, A. Hanlon.
 Newtown, N. W., D. Thomas.
 Northampton J. Freeman.
 Norwich.....Lemmon, St. John's Madder
 Market.
 Nottingham...Dearden.
 Oxford.....Slatter, High-street.
 Otley.....T. Holmes, P. O.
 Pontefract.....Fox and Sons.
 Poole.....J. Sydenham.
 Portsmouth...Woodward.
 Preston.....Clarke.
 Ramsgate...Burgess and Hunt.
 Reading.....Lovejoy.
 Reigate.....John Curtiss.
 Richmond...Mrs. Wall, Kew-road; Wood-
 ham, do.
 Rochford.....T. White, P. M.
 Rochester...Mrs. Berry, Eastgate.
 Ryde, Isle of Wight, P. T. Hellyer, P. M.
 Saffron Walden, Henry Butterfield.
 Sheffield.....Wiley.
 Sherborne.....Toll.
 Southampton, J. R. Stebbing, High-street.
 Stamford.....H. Johnson.
 Stanmore.....A. Gruen.
 Steyning.....Steer, P. M.
 Sunderland...Chalk.
 Tetbury.....J. G. Goodwyn.
 Tewkesbury...W. L. Kelly.
 Tiverton.....H. Mitchell.
 Wareham.....P. Selby, P. O.
 Whitechurch...Wise, P. M.
 Wigan.....C. Simms.
 Windsor.....T. Peirce, High-street.
 Witney.....Lawrence.
 Wootton Bassett, T. Smith, P. M.
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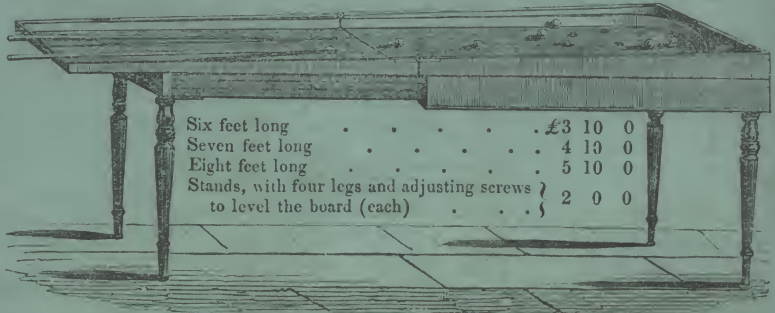
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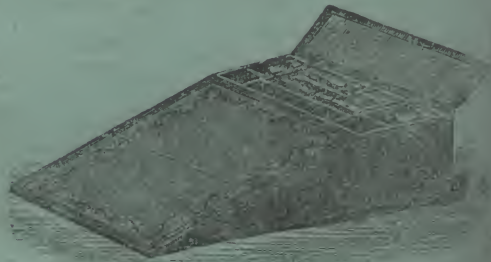


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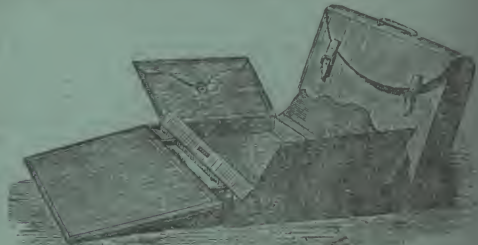
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